LONDON CONFERENCE NUMBER

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THE DICKENSIAN

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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THE DICKENSIAN

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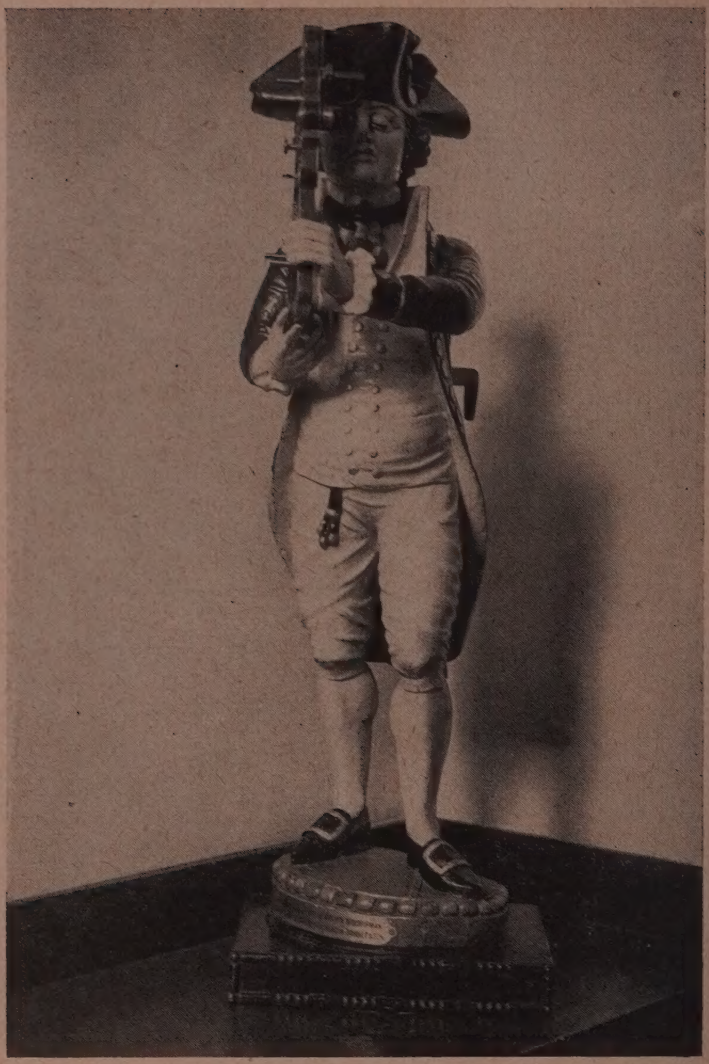


The Little Wooden Midshipman
of *Dombey and Son*

Lent to the Dickens House
by Messrs. Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson, Ltd.

see page 173

photo by *New York Times*

THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

VOL. XLII 1st SEPTEMBER, 1946 No. 280

WHEN FOUND—

In Poets' Corner. On June 9th, the 76th anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, the Dickens Fellowship placed the accustomed wreath upon the novelist's grave in Westminster Abbey. The little ceremony was to have formed part of the Conference programme, but the decision to hold the Victory Parade on the previous day rendered inevitable the postponement of Conference until a later date. The company was small owing to the early hour arranged at the desire of the Dean, the late Bishop de Labilliere, who, in granting facilities with his usual courteous alacrity, requested that the ceremony should be of the briefest and be concluded before the commencement of the Whitsun services. Bishop de Labilliere was a good friend to the Fellowship, which will sadly miss him. A similar ceremony was carried out at the memorial tablet in Rochester Cathedral. A short service was conducted by the Dean, the Very Rev. Thomas Crick, who is President of the Rochester Branch, and a wreath was laid by Mrs. Crick.

* * * * *

The Dickens House Re-opens. The ceremony of the re-opening of the Dickens House on July 22nd is reported on another page. The flow of visitors since then has been steady but, perhaps, not as numerous as it would have been had press publicity been of pre-war proportions. But with the continued official restriction of newspapers to their present meagre proportions, we were fortunate to have secured any measure of publicity. Journalism being what it is, accuracy of information is not always to be expected, but in these times we are grateful for any means of bringing news of the re-opened House to the notice of the public. Our old friend, Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, the familiar broadcaster, gave an admirable and sympathetic radio talk on the House on July 4th (which we are privileged to present on another page, by courtesy of the B.B.C.) It has had the most excellent results. Several of the Dickens House treasures were presented in the Television programme on July 25th by the present writer.

* * * * *

The Endowment Fund. Conference saw the launching of an intensive campaign for the extension of efforts to bring the total raised within the Fellowship for the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) during the next year or so, to such a sum as will demonstrate our appreciation of our National Memorial to Charles Dickens, before we appeal to a wider public. Unhappily, it cannot be reported that some Branches are even yet persuaded of the great need for this Fund. Success is both imperative and deserved and we shall doggedly pursue our purpose until success *is* achieved. For twenty-one years the Dickens House has, without any endowment, served the Fellowship and the public and has, throughout that period, precariously maintained an uncomfortable position on a knife edge between solvency and insolvency. It is to remedy such a state of affairs that we appeal in memory of Walter Dexter, for such a capital sum that will produce an annual income which will render the

House financially secure once and for all. Has your Branch yet decided what course of action it is to pursue ? If not, will you not urge your officers to consider what functions it can organise to aid this great cause which is so vital to us all ?

* * * * *

A new contemporary. It is with the greatest pleasure that we offer our greetings and good wishes to a new contemporary, *The Trollopian*, the first two numbers of which have reached us. Edited by Bradford A. Booth and published by the University of California Press, it is to be published twice annually. The British Agents are the Cambridge University Press. A most influential advisory board has been appointed, with, so far, admirable results. The first editorial has it that " No effort will be made to rival *The Dickensian*, either in scope or in regularity of publication." It is understood that Victorian literature in general will be dealt with when Trollope fails to furnish sufficient material for research and discussion.

* * * * *

Nickleby in the studios. T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were interested spectators of some of the shooting of *Nicholas Nickleby* at Ealing Studios recently. Both were deeply interested and Princess Elizabeth expressed her intention of reading the book immediately, as it was one of the novels she had not so far read.

* * * * *

A Dickensian coincidence to-day. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* recently wrote : " As it has often been asserted that the acquittal of Charles Darnay in *A Tale of Two Cities* depends upon one of those highly improbable coincidences which so frequently occur in Dickens—to wit, a very close resemblance between the prisoner and another person, with the possibility therefore, of mistaken identity—it is perhaps worth placing on record that on 21 Jan. 1946 a triple acquittal took place at the Central Criminal Court on precisely the same grounds. Three men were charged with housebreaking. Counsel for defence produced three other men ' whose resemblance to the accused was most striking,' the Judge directed the jury to compare their features with the features of the three in the dock, and the result was a verdict of ' Not Guilty.' The account of the trial will be found in *The Times* of 22 Jan. 1946."

* * * * *

The New Oxford Dickens. The Oxford Illustrated Dickens has long been a familiar series of books in many thousands of British families. But constant reprinting has worn the plates to such an extent that the need for an entire re-setting of the volumes has long been apparent. The breach made by the war years in publishing continuity has been seized as an opportunity to do the necessary work, and an entirely new edition of the Illustrated Dickens is now in preparation. The illustrations have presented a problem of peculiar difficulty. Where they are concerned the wearing of the plates has been more serious, than in the pages of letterpress, and investigation has shown that much of the detail of the original drawings has vanished almost completely in course of time. Unfortunately, the original copper-plate engravings are no longer available, having been dispersed, in the form of gifts to the subscribers to the Nonesuch Dickens in the years before the war. For the purpose of this reprint, therefore, it has been found necessary to photograph early examples of the pictures as printed, and from these photographs new plates have been made. The results are satisfactory, and the books will now appear with the familiar pictures sharp and fresh. A number of Introductory

essays have been commissioned for the various volumes, the first of which, *Pickwick Papers*, will appear this autumn with an Introduction by Bernard Darwin.

* * * * *

The Royal Agricultural College. The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, has recently celebrated its centenary and it has been recalled that it was here that Dickens sent his son Edward ("Plorn"). An article on the college appeared in *All the Year Round* for October 10th 1868, which historians of the establishment claim as the work of Dickens. That has yet to be established. Here is yet one more reason to appeal to anyone within whose power it lies, to furnish the Dickens House with a copy of the Contributors' Book for *All The Year Round*.

* * * * *

More Stage Dickens for children. After the Childrens' Theatre production of *Great Expectations* comes a dramatic version of the Squeers and Mantalini scenes of *Nicholas Nickleby*, produced for the Ministry of Education at the Camberwell Palace, for morning and afternoon performances throughout a week in June. Many of the characters were well played, especially Mrs. Nickleby, capitally presented by Miss Christine Silver, who has been playing Mrs. Skewton in the broadcast version of *Dombey and Son* on recent Sunday evenings. But the pupils of Dotheboys were sadly miscast and a great deal of effect was lost thereby. Productions sponsored by a Ministry should be capable of doing better than this. We do not know what reception the production had during the week, but on the Saturday morning, when we were present, the house was almost empty, which had a chilling effect upon both players and audience.

* * * * *

"Dombey" on the air. The Sunday Evening serial broadcast version of *Dombey and Son* aroused a great deal of interest and gave much pleasure, but it must be confessed that it was not so successful as the broadcast version of *Bleak House*, the characterisation was not at all on the same plane. Nevertheless, we trust that the B.B.C. will continue to requisition the works of Dickens for these very pleasant half hours on Sunday evenings.

* * * * *

Also on the air. "A Portrait of Charles Dickens" was a feature of the B.B.C.s Childrens' Hour early in June. It was a very pleasing little "portrait," particularly as depicted by "the queer small boy" at Gadshill, and the bewildered helplessness of John Dickens at the Marshalsea. Alec Macdonald, in attempting to cover a lengthy period, wisely refrained from introducing too many characters, contenting himself by emphasising the salient points; the rise from obscurity to fame, culminating in the presentation to Queen Victoria and Her Majesty's acceptance of a set of the novels. The broadcast was doubtless as fully appreciated by adults as by the children and we hope the B.B.C. will repeat it.

* * * * *

Rose Macaulay. Similarly a recent broadcast discussion on "Novels—Dead or Alive?" between Rose Macaulay and James Stevens, with Gerald Bullet in the chair, all the "faults" of Dickens, with which the critics have made us so familiar, were paraded once more, but when Miss Macaulay remarked, "But Dickens doesn't need defending. With all his limitations, he is so obviously one of the immortals," she was not gainsaid.

At Nuremberg. A curious piece of news appeared in the British press in July to the effect that Dickens is the most popular author among the 21 German war leaders on trial at Nuremberg since last November. Schacht is reading *Pickwick Papers*, Rosenberg is deep in *Oliver Twist*, and Seyss-Inquart is finishing *A Tale of Two Cities*.

* * * * *

Luke Fildes's grand-daugther. A new theatrical reputation was made in the recent Gielgud production of Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*, by the great success in a leading rôle of Miss Audrey Fildes, grand-daughter of Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., the original illustrator of *Edwin Drood*.

* * * * *

The Cheeryble Brothers. Answering his critics' charge that the delineation of the Cheerybles is marred by exaggeration, Dickens declared that "Those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live." As has been established with some degree of certainty, the brothers to whom he referred were William and Daniel Grant, whom he met in the Winter of 1838. When William Grant died, in 1842, the novelist, then on a tour of the States, wrote to Professor Felton: "One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England I would certainly have gone into mourning for such a glorious life . . . I am told that it appears from a memorandum found among the papers of the deceased that in his lifetime he gave away £600,000 or three million dollars."

With this positive identification of the Cheerybles as the Grants it is difficult to reconcile a statement which the novelist added to the preface of the Cheap Edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Writing in 1848, Dickens announced: "The Brothers are now dead." Actually, only William had died before this preface was written. According to the inscription on a tablet in the Manchester Presbyterian Church founded by the brothers, Daniel lived until 1855—seven years after the appearance of the Cheap Edition. A correspondent asks that, with Daniel Grant still living in 1848, why did Dickens refer to both of the Cheeryble Brothers as dead? Interested as he was in the Grants, he must have known that Daniel was still alive. Is it possible that the author was forestalling requests for financial aid? Already he had been deluged with letters from persons who wished their needs called to the attention of the Cheerybles. Now that the forthcoming Cheap Edition was likely to reach even more of those readers whose lives were a constant struggle against poverty, Dickens must have anticipated a flood of solicitations. To spare himself the trouble and embarrassment of forwarding to Daniel Grant these numerous appeals, "Boz" may have found it expedient to insert in the 1848 preface a statement which was only half true.

* * * * *

IMPORTANT

Readers will have noticed that on the cover of this issue there appears the new price of "The Dickensian," Two Shillings and Sixpence. It is with great reluctance that this change is made but with the enormous increased costs of these post war days, it is inevitable. Hon. Secretaries of Branches of the Dickens Fellowship will be receiving a communication explaining the change which we are confident will be readily appreciated and that therefore the future of the Fellowship's journal, which it is acknowledged has achieved no inconsiderable position in the literary world, will not be imperilled.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE RE-OPENING CEREMONY OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

IT was indeed a happy moment when the Dickens House was declared re-opened after seven dreary years of inevitable inactivity. On Saturday afternoon, June 22nd, the grandson of the novelist, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, and the new President of the Dickens Fellowship, performed this important ceremony.

Gay with bunting and the memorial plaque framed with laurel, the

The original "Empty Chair" from the library at Gads Hill. Now on loan at the Dickens House from Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens, O.B.E.

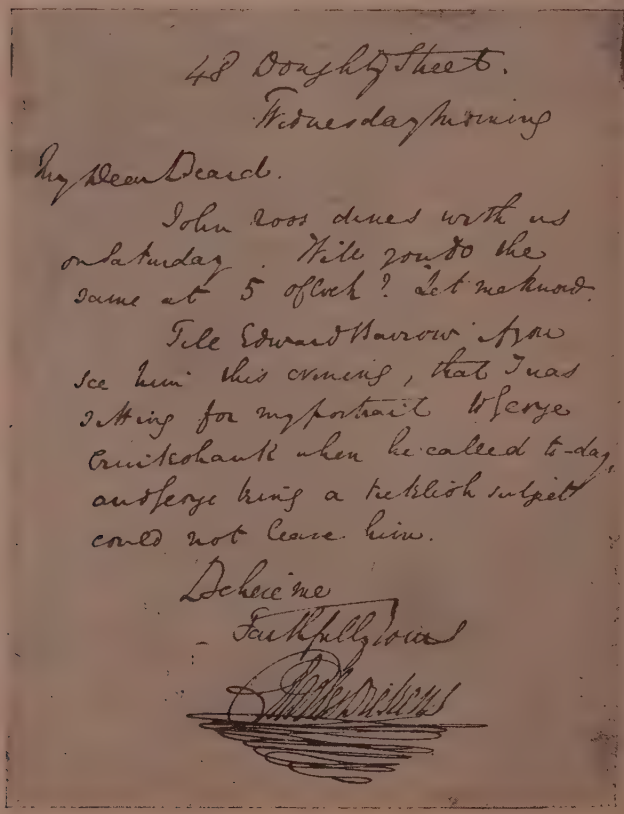
Photo: New York Times

House was faced by a large company in the bright sunshine, when, punctually to the minute, there emerged the Mayor of St. Pancras, Councillor F. L. Combes, J.P.; L.C.C., in his robes, accompanied by Mrs. Combes and followed by Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens, who was supported by members of three generations of the Dickens family, Trustees of the Dickens House, officials of the Dickens Fellowship, and other visitors.

The mayor, in introducing Mr. Dickens, revealed an extensive knowledge and deep appreciation of the works of Dickens, who, he recalled, was closely associated with the Borough of St. Pancras from very

early in life. Most of the years of his boyhood which he spent in London were passed in St. Pancras, here he attended school and two of his three principal London homes were situated within the borough. It was not surprising, therefore, to find that many scenes in the novels were placed within its boundaries. How much we owe to those novels and the social reforms they instituted or aided; the disappearance of Bumbledom, for instance. And it went possibly fifty years earlier than it might have done had it not been for Charles Dickens.

Mr. Dickens followed and in a few eloquent sentences paid tribute to The Friends of the Dickens House, that band of enthusiasts, whose subscriptions had ensured the financial stability of the House during the recent war, and then went on to speak of his grandfather's tenancy. It was here, he recalled, that Mary Hogarth died. But was it not a fact that here a host of immortals were *born*; Fagin and Sikes, Squeers and Crummles, Barnaby and Tappertit, and many another imperishable



48 Doughty Street.
Wednesday Morning

My dear Beard.

John Dods dines with us on Saturday. Will you do the same at 5 o'clock? Let me know.

Tell Edward Barrow I saw him this morning, that I was sitting for my portrait to George Cruikshank when he called to-day, and George being a publick subject could not leave him.

Ever since
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

One of a series of nearly two hundred letters of Dickens to Thomas Beard presented to The Dickens House by Mrs. Walter Dexter.

creation. In that happy reflection he was delighted to declare the Dickens House re-open.

The assembled company then entered and for two hours or more the House was thronged by visitors once more. Delight was expressed on all sides at its immaculate condition. That it was spared serious damage by air attack is the cause of much thankfulness, but to find everything in such bright and shining order is the cause of still more. Among those introduced to Mr. Dickens was Mr. A. V. Bramble, the local A.R.P. Post Warden, to whose care and vigilance throughout the war Dickensians owe a very great deal, which is gratefully acknowledged.

Many of the greatest treasures of the House had been evacuated for safety to Barnard Castle on the outbreak of war, where they were generously housed by the local authorities. These treasures had all been brought back and were on view once more in their accustomed places. In addition, there were several important new exhibits to be seen. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mrs. Walter Dexter, whom we were delighted, indeed, to welcome amongst us on this happy occasion, for the magnificent gift of nearly two hundred letters of Dickens to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard. This unique and superb collection, ranging from four years before Dickens's rise to fame until the end of his life, is a princely gift of the greatest importance. A large showcase is devoted to their display and the visitor can study a great many of them at his leisure and appreciate them at their true worth—one of the finest of our treasures. Mrs. Dexter has added to her munificence by the additional presentation of a collection of Dickens's letters to Beard's brother, Thomas Carr Beard, the novelist's medical attendant, a series of notes and invitations from members of the Dickens family to Beard, and a series of Dickens's letters to Mrs. Gaskell and other correspondents. A further personal memento of Dickens has been presented by Mr. Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.; a silver-mounted bottle once in the novelist's possession and duly authenticated by Miss Hogarth.

In addition there are at present in the House two loans of paramount importance. Mr. Dickens has lent his grandfather's study chair from Gadshill, the original of that which figures in Fildes's picture "The Empty Chair." It will remain in the study at Doughty Street until the end of the year. Few Dickensians will wish to miss this unique opportunity of inspecting so precious a personal relic of the great writer. There is also to be seen the original Little Wooden Midshipman of *Dombey and Son*, generously lent by Messrs. Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson, Ltd., whose trade sign it has been for something like two centuries. It once adorned their premises in Leadenhall Street, where it was seen and admired by Dickens and used by him with such effect in his novel. Later it was removed to its owners' new premises in Minories, outside which the little man continued to make his observations until the air raids of 1917 made it expedient for him to retire into the shop. In 1939 it was thought wise to remove him to the country, a precaution to which he owes his present existence, for his home was entirely demolished in an air raid. Now he shelters, appropriately enough, in the Dickens House, and here he will remain until his owners have a London home in which to house him once more.*

It is a pleasure, indeed, to record this happy ceremony of re-opening after the anxieties of the war years, when it so often seemed possible that the House could not survive. It is now for us to use and enjoy it and to see that it is used and enjoyed by an ever-increasing number of Dickens lovers, and above all to secure its financial stability once and for all. For details of the latter desirable consummation, see the Editor's notes on page 167.

L. C. S.

* See Frontispiece.

DICKENS, TROLLOPE AND JOE WHELKS

By LEO MASON

(*Continued from page* 123)

IV

NOTHING of what we said in the June number with regard to the art of Dickens can be applied to that of Trollope. Unlike Dickens, Trollope was very keen on reading the criticisms of other men regarding his novels and he himself has recorded many observations, not only on his own work, but also on that of his fellow-novelists. With regard to Dickens he expressed the view that undoubtedly he was the most popular English novelist of any time. He comments that Dickens's novels are to be found in every house, are known in foreign countries and that such names as Mrs. Gamp, Micawber and Pecksniff have entered into the English language and become well-known words. "The primary object of a novelist," says Trollope, "is to please; and this man's novels have been found more pleasant than those of any other writer. His teaching has ever been good." In spite of the collective opinion of the world of readers, duly acknowledged by Trollope, he himself was not prepared to give Dickens the pride of place and placed him after Thackeray and George Eliot. He says, "I do acknowledge that Mrs. Gamp, Micawber, Pecksniff, and others have become household words in every house, as though they were human beings; but to my judgement they are not human beings, nor are any of the characters human which Dickens has portrayed. It has been the peculiarity and the marvel of this man's power that he has invested his puppets with a charm that has enabled him to dispense with human nature. There is a drollery about them, in my estimation, very much below the humour of Thackeray, but which has reached the intellect of all; while Thackeray's humour has escaped the intellect of many. Nor is the pathos of Dickens human. It is stagy and melo-dramatic. But it is so expressed that it touches every heart a little. There is no real life in Smike. His misery, his idiotcy, his devotion to Nicholas, his love for Kate, are all overdone and incompatible with each other. But still the reader sheds a tear. Every reader can find a tear for Smike. Dickens's novels are like Boucicault's plays. He has known how to draw his lines broadly, so that all should see the colour."

Trollope considered that Dickens's style was jerky, ungrammatical, and created by himself in defiance of rules, and therefore appeared unpleasant to the cultured reader. Nevertheless, even with these objections in mind, he was forced to admit that Dickens "had satisfied the great mass of readers of his country." He further was of the opinion that Dickens had done infinite harm in creating a school of imitators and that no young novelist should ever dare to imitate the style of Dickens.

In expressing his opinions on the relative merits of the works of Dickens and Thackeray he says: "Of all Dickens's novels, *Oliver Twist* is, perhaps, artistically the best, as in it the author adheres most tenaciously to one story, and interests us most thoroughly by his plot. But the characters are less efficacious for the teaching of lessons than in his other tales. The Boythorns, Tulkinghorns, Cheerybles and Pickwicks may be as unlike nature as they will. They are unlike nature. But they, nevertheless, charm the reader, and leave behind on the palate of the mind a sweet savour of humanity. Our author's heroes, down to Smike, are often outrageous in their virtues. Truth, gratitude, courage and manly self-respect are qualities which a young man will be made not only to admire, but to like, by his many hours

spent over these novels. And so it will be with young women as to modesty, reticence, and unselfish devotion. The popularity of Thackeray has been very much less extended than that of Dickens, and the lessons which he has taught have not, therefore, been scattered afield so widely. Dickens, to use a more common phrase, has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider than that reached by his rival. The genius of Thackeray was of a nature altogether different. Dickens delighted much in depicting with very broad lines very well-known vices under the guise of impossible characters, but was, perhaps, still more thoroughly at home in representing equally well-known virtues after the same fashion. His Pinches and Cheerybles were nearer to him than his Ralph Nicklebys and his Pecksniffs. It seems specially to have been the work of Thackeray to cover with scorn the vices which in his hands were displayed in personages who were only too realistic. With him there is no touch of melo-drama."

Such, then, were some of Trollope's reactions to the novels of Dickens, he did not express all the opinions contained in the foregoing at one and the same time or in the same place. We have brought them together, because they are of some interest and also because they demonstrate, perhaps rather indirectly, the very different views held by our two authors as to the manner in which a novel should be presented.

V

In his "Autobiography," Trollope states his own views quite directly: "In writing a novel," he observes, "the author soon becomes aware that a burden of many pages is before him. Circumstances require that he should cover a certain and generally not a very confined space. Short novels are not popular with readers generally. The novel-writer who sticks to novel-writing as his profession will certainly find that this burden of length (3 volumes) is incumbent on him. How shall he carry his burden to the end? How shall he cover his space? . . . . There should be no episodes in a novel. Every sentence, every word, through all those pages, should tend to the telling of the story. Such episodes distract the attention of the reader, and always do so disagreeably. . . . And if it be so with Cervantes and Fielding, who can hope to succeed? The novel must be all one and the exclusion of episodes should be carried down into the smallest details." He then explains how the novelist is to proceed in order to bring about the desired result, and comments that just as an artist suits the size of his canvas to his subject so also must the novelist stretch his story to cover the requisite number of pages. "On no account, however, shall he paint different pictures on the same canvas, which he will do if he allow himself to wander away to matters outside his own story." There may, however, be many characters and subsidiary plots, but they must all tend to the elucidation of the main story and take their places as part of one and the same work—as there may be many figures on the painter's canvas which will not to the spectator seem to form themselves into separate scenes or pictures. Trollope continues: "There is no portion of a novelist's work in which this fault of episodes is so common as in the dialogue. It is so easy to make any two persons talk on some subject extraneous to the story . . . and the writer, while indulging himself and filling his pages is apt to think that he is pleasing his reader. The dialogue is generally the most agreeable part of a novel; but it is only so as long as it tends in some way to the telling of the main story." Trollope suggests that when a long dialogue on extraneous matter reaches the mind of the reader he feels that he is being robbed of his story—he does not require at that time an exposition

of politics or philosophy. Further, at no time is it permissible for the novelist to make his characters give utterance to long speeches, such as would not customarily be heard from men and women, because normal talk is carried on in short expressive sentences which very frequently are never completed. Moreover the novelist may only put such words and expressions of thought into the mouths of his personages as are in keeping with their particular situation in life. If this rule be not observed by a writer, then, says Trollope, " I do not think that in these days he can succeed as a novelist."

VI

The great difference between Trollope's method of telling a story and that of Dickens, has, we think, been very aptly demonstrated by the former in " The Warden," the first of his Barsetshire series of novels. Trollope, like Dickens, firmly believed that a novel should tend to the bringing out of some good. It had come under his notice that the Church of England was said to be in possession of certain funds and endowments which had been intended for charitable purposes, but which had been allowed to become incomes for idle church dignitaries. Such a state of affairs was altogether wrong, thought Trollope, and was quite a legitimate subject to bring forward in a novel. But he was also aware that there was an injustice suffered by the alleged recipients of such incomes in being subjected to severe personal newspaper comment ; he believed that it was the system that was at fault and not the individual. With these ideas in mind he wrote his story—a simple tale illustrating clerical life in a cathedral town. Nothing was exaggerated, he did not write with the slightest feelings of indignation ; he presented both sides, that of the victim and that of the attack with strict impartiality. " But I was altogether wrong," says Trollope, " in supposing that the two things could be combined." In other words he succeeded in telling an entertaining story, his characters were quite real, but the purpose behind it all was totally ineffective. In " The Warden," Trollope portrays the Rev. Septimus Harding, the master of an almshouse for old men, as a gentle kindly man, with the result that, although he is the recipient of a large income derived from the misused charity funds, he gains the reader's sympathy and affection. In the course of the story, John Bold, a layman, launches an attack against the Church through the Press. He falls in love with Mr. Harding's daughter and she, actuated by the great mental distress experienced by her father (because he realised that he had been overpaid) induces Bold to call off the attack, which he endeavours to do. Trollope, in presenting a scene between Bold and Tom Towers, the editor of a newspaper, introduces Dickens into his story under the name of Mr. Popular Sentiment. " Have you seen the first number of ' The Almshouse ' ? . . . . It's a direct attack on the whole system," said Towers. " It's very clear that Sentiment has been down to Barchester and got up the whole story there ; it's very well done, his first numbers always are." Bold obtains a copy of the first number of the story in order that he may ascertain whether or not it has any bearing on the case in which he himself has been implicated. Trollope intrudes his own personality into the narrative and comments at some length to the effect that in former times great objects were attained by great work, reformers set about their task with grave decorum and laborious argument ; years were taken up in proving a grievance. But, says he, " We get on now with a lighter step and quicker ; ridicule is found to be more convincing than argument, imaginary agonies touch more than true sorrows and monthly novels convince, when learned quartos fail to do so. If the world is to be set right, the work will be done by shilling numbers. Of all such reformers, Mr. Sentiment is the

most powerful." After indulging in further satiric comment on "the very good poor people and the very hard rich people and the so very honest people" found in the pages of Dickens he then, rather surprisingly, in view of his opinions recorded earlier in this article says: "If Mr. Sentiment's heroes and heroines walk upon stilts, as heroes and heroines, I fear ever must, their attendant satellites are as natural as though one met them in the street; they walk and talk like men and women, and live among our friends a rattling, lively life; yes, live and will live till the names of their calling shall be forgotten in their own, and Bucket and Mrs. Gamp will be the only words left to us to signify a detective police officer or a monthly nurse." As an aside, we are prompted to mention that we do not now refer to a detective as "a Bucket," but rather as "a Sherlock Holmes" and "Gamp" is now only used among the older generation as another name for umbrella, and certainly not in reference to a midwife.

Trollope, in portraying the warden of Dickens's imaginary novel, "The Almshouse," shows him to be a man living in the lap of luxury surrounded by every household indulgence. "He was a man well stricken in years, but still strong to do evil. He was one who looked cruelly out of a hot, passionate, bloodshot eye; who had a huge red nose with a carbuncle, thick lips, and a great double chin, which swelled out into solid substance like a turkey cock's comb, when sudden anger inspired him: he had a hot, furrowed, low brow, from which a few grizzled hairs were not yet rubbed off by the friction of his handkerchief; he wore a loose unstarched white neckerchief, black, loose ill-made clothes and huge loose shoes, adapted to many corns and various bunions: his husky voice told tales of much port wine, and his language was not so decorous as becomes a clergyman."

Having read the story of how the existence of the paupers was made "really touchingly dreadful through the perverse ill-nature of the clerical gentleman with the double chin," Bold threw it on one side and "thought that that at least had no direct appliance to Mr. Harding and that the absurdly strong colouring of the picture would disenable the work from doing either good or harm."

Once again Trollope intrudes and says: "He was wrong. The artist who paints for the million must use glaring colours, as no one knew better than Mr. Sentiment when he described the inhabitants of his almshouse; and the radical reform which has now swept over such establishments has owed more to the twenty numbers of Mr. Sentiment's novel, than to all the true complaints which have escaped from the public for the last half century."

It will be observed that although Trollope had a mind to lampoon the method of Dickens, he was nevertheless, forced to admit that he always succeeded in at least driving home his purpose. Many of his comments are, we think, apt and interesting, but in common with other critics who have written about Dickens, he sometimes contradicts himself. He was, however, definitely opposed to Dickens's method of telling a story and, therefore, in so far as it might be applied to novel writing, he did not agree with the expressed views of the famous Captain Swosser: "When you make pitch hot, you cannot make it too hot; and that if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you."

VII

Unlike Dickens, Trollope was not a great seer of visions, he was a realist; his art would appear to be more akin to that of the photographer than that of a creator. In his Barsetshire novels (the portion of his voluminous work by which he is mostly remembered) it would seem that he preserved a world rather than created one, but we

think it is more precise to say that he created a world out of his imagination in which he succeeded in preserving the literal world of his day. He wrote almost entirely of the respectable and no aspect of his range stimulated him to the highest creative intensity ; like realistic writers generally he did not evince imaginative power in the depicting of sensational isolated scenes or characters of universal significance. Trollope was an admirable observer and has presented us to some excellently drawn men and women, but unlike Dickens has not really contributed to what might be called " the glory of human nature." He did not preach, attack some abuse, or seek to remedy some social evil of his time by making such like things dominate his books—in the main he wrote simply to entertain. He conceived the purpose of the novel to be that of conveying a true picture of life as it is lived in the literal world, quite ungarnished by fantasy. The novelist is not permitted to transform his characters into such forms as Aunt Sallys, ghosts, gargoyles or personifications of virtue or vice either to illustrate a theory or to heighten his artistic effect ; he must reproduce his experience of people and things as exactly as possible. Trollope's art has been described as pedestrian, or as Charles Reade put it, " he is a chronicler of small beer." But a more recent writer, Lord David Cecil, has, we think, quite truly pointed out : " His dialogue is extremely good, in fact Trollope's is the most realistic dialogue of any English novelist's. No one has solved so successfully the problem of evolving a form of speech which at once furthers the action and gives the illusion of actual conversation. Trollope's achievement is so solid and so various that one cannot call him a minor novelist. After all, a novel is not just a work of art, it is also a picture of life and Trollope's picture of life is within its limits an admirable one. Nor does its truth lose by his imaginative weakness ; in some ways it gains, Trollope's freedom from the faults of his contemporaries comes partly from the fact that he ran no risk of falling into the dangers that lie in wait for very powerful imaginations. It is because his imagination was relatively weak that he did not depend entirely on it as Dickens did, and so does not collapse when it fails him."

" Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope ? " asked Nathaniel Hawthorne. " They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial . . . and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of." Trollope was very well pleased with the foregoing comments on his work and stated that he had always desired to " hew out some lump of the earth " and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us—with no more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness—so that the readers of his stories might recognise human beings like themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons.

VIII

When we contemplate the work of our two novelists with a view to dramatization on the radio, it is very plain that Trollope's stories, composed of much dialogue and very little dramatic description, are very adaptable to being condensed into libretti. The main themes of his stories are generally very simple and quite easy to follow, his personages are normal human beings, and the give and take of his dialogue most entertaining and very real. Trollope tells us that when he created his bishop, archdeacon and warden he had no direct knowledge of such church dignitaries—they were genuine creations. But being a realist he did not present them as resplendent visions seen

through the veil of the soul, but as they appeared in the mirror he held up to nature. His characters are, indeed, very natural—so life-like that they could all pass us by in the street and we should not be tempted to make peep-shows of them.

Suppose, however, that it were possible for the great Dickens characters to walk amongst us in the streets—what then? Would they appear so very true to life that we should scarcely notice them? We do not think so.

Dickens's characters are real flesh and blood creatures only when moving in the world and surrounded by the circumstances and conditions in which their creator placed them. The whole of his creation (as distinct from that of Trollope) is surcharged with a super-vitality, people and things observed in this literal world are modified by him and worked up into giant shapes. Whether they be individuals, incidents, scenery or furnishings they are all intensified by his imagination. There is no suggestion here of the author hewing out a piece of this literal earth and making men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us, with no more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness, nor is there any suggestion that they go about their daily business without being made a show of. No, the world of Dickens is the stage of a mighty theatre where everything is *deliberately designed* to engage our attention, to delight the eye, to charm the ear, to make us laugh, to make us cry, to awaken our pity, to arouse our ire *—to create some effect.* The inhabitants of this Dickens world (unlike those of Trollope's county of Barsetshire) make a great and deliberate show of acting their parts, each one in his turn seems to say to the onlooker or reader, "Just you listen to me as I isolate myself from the rest and poise and luxuriate myself before you. My! ain't I volatile!" Most certainly they are not just mere names—or lay figures, but distinct and striking individuals; once having made their acquaintance we can never quite forget them, they impress themselves upon us by their characteristics of mind and manner—they have some little antic or catch-phrase by which they are instantly recognised and by which they endear themselves to us. But we can only live with them in the world in which Dickens placed them—a world of the imagination. It has been pointed out that Trollope was an adept at writing extremely good dialogue. Dickens also, of course, wrote some good dialogue, but we think that it is true to say that he wrote a great deal of superbly good monologue. We suggest that Dickens's great characters do not converse, but rather make speeches, they never speak over their shoulders, but always straight in front of them in loud resonant voices—as though they are addressing public meetings. Whenever Dickens turns aside from the action of his melodrama and forgets about Joe Whelks and treats us to a monologue associated with a character, the setting up of a scene or a description of an event or a journey, the true Dickensian does not resent it, does not count it a digression, but lingers over it with real delight; he is at such times participating in the essential, outstanding and peculiar greatness of Dickens.

IX

The great essential qualities of Dickens's genius cannot be brought out on the radio, screen, or stage if (as would always appear to be the case) the dramatist is bent on telling the story of the novel—the emphasis being laid upon the plot; the characters, generally very numerous, are made subservient to it, not allowed to isolate, poise and luxuriate themselves and as a consequence become mere insignificant tellers of a complex tale, and the descriptive passages are omitted altogether. Although, as we have endeavoured to point out, Dickens

wrote his novels with the art of the theatre in mind, he did not think that they were adaptable to being presented as plays. In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens expresses his own personal views on the matter through his character Nicholas, who says to the literary gentleman (who had dramatized in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels): "Shakespeare dramatized stories which had previously appeared in print . . . but some of the gentlemen of your craft have shot very far beyond him, for, whereas he brought within the magic circle of his genius traditions peculiarly adapted for his purpose, and turned familiar things into constellations which should enlighten the world for ages, you drag within the magic circle of your dulness subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage and debase as he exalted."

Dickens novels were very popular—they were "best sellers"—the talk of the town, and just as to-day the film industry will buy up the dramatic rights of a very popular novel, sometimes they use nothing but the title, so also did the theatres of Dickens's day dramatise his novels, not because they contained the essence of good drama, but because they were the things everybody was talking about. "Of what Dickens suffered from these adaptations of his books, multiplied remorselessly at every theatre, I have forborne to speak," says Forster, "but it was the subject of complaint with him incessantly." In the very early days Forster accompanied Dickens to see a version of *Oliver Twist* performed at the Surrey Theatre. "In the middle of the first scene," records Forster, "he laid himself down upon the floor in a corner of the box and never rose from it until the drop scene fell." The familiar things which his genius transmuted into constellations, and which will delight and enlighten the world for ages, on being brought to earth lost all their brilliance and became quite commonplace if not entirely unnatural.

X

Holding the views on Dickens expressed in this article, we were much interested in the theatrical venture of Mr. Edgar K. Bruce, who presented his play, "Meet Mr. Micawber," at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, London, towards the end of 1945. Unfortunately—the piece only ran for a week—we did not have the opportunity of witnessing the experiment. While bestowing praise on Mr. Bruce for his portrayal of Micawber, Mr. James Agate, writing in the "Sunday Times," condemned the play on the grounds that it did not present the whole of the novel of David Copperfield. To state our own views very briefly, we think that Mr. Edgar K. Bruce should have been warmly commended for his experiment. In our opinion, he was on the right track, because by concentrating on one of the great Dickens characters, he was endeavouring to give him (Micawber) plenty of space and time in which to isolate, poise and luxuriate himself and thus convey to the onlooker, not the melo-drama, but at least something of that quality which made Dickens greater than all other novelists.

We do, however, recognise very fully, that in these days, as in those of Dickens, there are still a great number of Whelkses about.

THE BOOK FOR STUDY, SEASON 1946-47

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

See *The Dickensian*, 1945, pp. 68, 129, and 185, etc., etc., for aids to your studies.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE Fortieth Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship took place in London from June 21st to the 24th. This year something like a pre-war programme was attempted and such was the response of the Branches and the obvious determination of the delegates to make the best of any shortcomings caused by lingering austerities that the result was a triumphant success. The weather played its part, for after a most dismal June, it behaved itself in a perfectly exemplary manner.

The proceedings opened on Friday evening with a Reception at the Swedenborg Hall, a most happily informal function, at which many an old friendship was renewed and cemented afresh. The programme commenced with the introduction of the Hon. Secretary designate, Mr. Percy Merriman, who was given a very cordial welcome which he acknowledged by providing a generous sample of his well-known art, in impersonations of Carton, Fagin and the Dodger, and Sam Weller in the witness box, all with admirable effect. During the evening the company were entertained with songs of the Dickens period by Miss Mary Corney, Immediate Past President of the Manchester Branch, and Miss Hilda Corney, and concluded with some characteristic magic by Mr. Frank Staff.

The Business Meeting took place in the same hall on the following morning and was opened by Mr. Leo Mason, Chairman of the Council with :

THE CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Once again we have the pleasure and the privilege of extending to you all a very cordial welcome to this our first conference meeting to be held in the days of re-established, if a somewhat troubled, peace.

It is a tribute to the enduring fame of Dickens and, indeed, to the Dickens Fellowship itself, that we see before us this morning such a vast, charming and distinguished audience.

Once again, in order that the agenda might be fulfilled, we are expected to utter a few words on some topic of Dickensian interest.

During recent years certain writers, such as T. A. Jackson, George Orwell and Humphrey House have tended to devote their talents to the interpreting of Dickens in terms of social and political philosophy. Their work is of interest to the Dickens student and is yet another tribute to the unique position occupied by the greatest of English novelists.

But when all is said and done, we think it is true to say that for every individual who concerns himself with the social and political significance of Dickens, there must, at least, be twenty who, content not to carp or criticise, but taking his writings at their face value, testify again and again to that most essential quality of his genius, the superb gift of characterisation which has stood unrivalled in our literature since the age of Shakespeare.

" How many thousandths are there in an inch ? " asked the engineer of his apprentice. " Oh ! millions of 'em," replied the youth, and so it would appear with regard to the number of Dickens characters—millions of 'em. In a sense it is not so very far from the truth, because individually we each have a slightly different conception of the particular character portrayed. There is for instance, the story told by Dolby, of the American coming out from one of Dickens's public readings and asking who the reader was. On being informed that it was Charles Dickens himself, he stood amazed and cried, " Ridiculous ! Why the man doesn't know his own characters." The view is often expressed that his creations are types, others say they are grotesques, monsters, caricatures, while some see them as perfectly natural individuals. Critics throughout the recurring years never tire of telling us in terms of intended disparagement that Dickens's characters are completely static and live no inner life, they never change inwardly or outwardly, they wear the

same clothes day after day, year after year. Micawber, it is said, is always presenting himself in the same situation, moved by the same springs and uttering the same sounds. He is always confident of something turning up always crushed and rebounding, always making punch. His wife is always declaring she will never desert him and always referring to his talents and her family. We think it true to say, however, that the whole secret and strength of Dickens's characters lies in this very fact that they do not change, because if they did they must needs grow old and die they would not be instantaneously recognisable by their constant appearance, traits and mannerisms. They are immortal, independent of time and circumstance, because they are always splendidly and isolatedly true to themselves. The oftener they say or do the some sort of thing, the more they endear themselves to us. The phrase, " My dear young Copperfield," immediately conjures up in our mind's eye a well-known, stoutish, middle-aged person with a very extensive face, dressed in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, a person with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg. His clothes are shabby but he wears an imposing shirt collar and carries a jaunty sort of stick with a pair of rusty tassels to it. " Hello ! Wal'r my boy " " My friends why do I ask for Peace ?" " Oh ! really it's of no consequence ! " " Humbug, Christmas ! all humbug ! " " I ses to Mrs. Harris I ses ! "—" Can I do you now Sir ! " " Thanks, I don't mind if I do ! " " Isn't it a shame, eh, isn't it a shame. " What is a Dickens character ?—It is the touch of the Dickens quality that made I.T.M.A. a success.

To take another example, recall that delightful scamp of the silent screen, Charlie Chaplin, a combination of humour and pathos—a character completely static. His appearance was always the same, it had to be—the pale face, the little 'tash, the tightly-fitting coat, the baggy trousers, the little cane, the oversize in shoes, the bowler hat, were only external things but they made up the character of Charlie Chaplin. We always knew what to expect, the way he raised his bowler hat from behind, the manner in which he always managed to stop a flying custard-tart, his little expressive looks and carryings-on with the pretty girl and the inevitable tripping over his feet at the crucial moment. The expression of joy, the look of sadness, the shrug of the shoulders, the twirl of the cane, the skid around the corner—always the same little tricks, traits and mannerisms ; they had to be, they were Charlie Chaplin. But he was very much alive, larger than life, of course—something like a Dickens character.

Dickens's method was certainly to emphasize certain odd singularities of character. He presented his men and women with repetitive tricks and traits of manner, and deftly hit off their whole inner nature by a few masterly strokes of his pen in the way of surface delineation. But in addition, Dickens believed that the true art of portrayal in literature was to embody qualities of the species in the individual, not merely to describe men and manners, but also to embody the common propensities of human nature in the single man. In doing this he was so successful that the readers of his day readily recognized themselves, their friends and their acquaintances. They identified themselves with his characters, they grew old and passed away. But their prototypes in the pages of Dickens, never changing, always the same, completely static and immortal, are reborn into the actual world with the oncoming of each new generation. Dickens's characters cannot be described as human beings in the literal sense, the mere imitation or reproduction of nature is not true art. He added the magic touch which transfigures and idealises. He detaches his types from nature, whose truthful likeness he not only reflects, but endowing them with enlarged characteristics and concentrated qualities he makes them creations of universal significance. They speak a universal language, one that all may understand. They embrace our own thoughts and actions, we enter into their sorrows and their joys, we learn of their good and their evil, we feel that they are some part of ourselves.

Humphrey House, in his book " The Dickens World," observes that " the satirical portraits of Dickens are only enjoyed because they make it easy to say that here are the symptons betrayed by somebody else. Dickens used to tell with great glee how one day Mrs. Nickleby in the flesh protested to him there never could be such a person as Mrs. Nickleby," House then adds, " but the story reflected as much on his own method, thinking of him as a moralist, as on the lady's perception." We think it was the lady's lack of perception that was at fault, because there is none so blind as those who will

not see. We miss the whole point if we do not perceive that the striking quality of Dickens's characters is that they reflect *us*, as well as our friends. If we do not recognise our kinship with them, then we cannot enter their world and live with them side by side.

I thought of Pickwick, said Dickens ; images came into his mind, apparently quite unsought. Truth revealed itself and words were on his lips, and allowing his imagination to take complete possession of him he himself became the character he set out to portray. It is the dickens in a Dickens character that makes it so delightful. Most of his great characters possess some sort of devil, either clever devil, lazy devil, funny devil or ugly devil. His young ladies are not a success, they are all angels—they have no dickens in them.

But as his great characters talk and go about their ways we muse in uncontrollable delight over thoughts which we have never hit upon before. They are larger than life, of course—types in a way—yet many of them so realistically individual, for Dickens seems to have had a wonderful knowledge of the personal vanities, of the little things of which we as individuals are proud of in ourselves. For was not old Tony Weller proud of his own and his son's knowledge of life, the Marshioness proud of her ingenuity as to *doing* Miss Sally in the matter of the key to the safe ? Mrs. Todgers, you will remember was supremely proud of her establishment for single gentlemen, Oh ! Yes "Todgers could do it when it liked ; " think of the gravy. Do you recall Sairey Gamp's professional pride in her patients—at least in the laying of 'em out, if not in the bringing of 'em round. The Father of the Marshalsea was unutterably proud of having been in the prison longer than anybody else. Mr. Toots was very proud of his tailors and Mr. Wopsle of his deep voice. Was not Mrs. Nickleby proud of her charms in her darkest hour of trouble and Mrs. Micawber of her power of logical statement ? Do you remember little Miss Flite's pride in the attentions of the Lord Chancellor ? What about old Turveydrop's pride in his deportment, Mrs. Merdles's pride in her "handsome bosom." Mr. Domboy's pride in his son, the Meagles's pride in their daughter, the Kenwigs's pride in uncle Lillyvick, Nancy's pride in Bill Sikes's strength, the professional pride of the artful Dodger and his glory in the admiration of the other young thieves ?

Dickens characters, yes indeed a glorious host to keep us company.

Types, grotesques, monsters, caricatures or just natural individuals, call them what we will, they are a glorious heritage which their creator has bequeathed to posterity, a heritage which is not the least of our trusts.

Such then is our salute to the creative genius of Charles Dickens. The time for talk is at an end, the time for action is at hand. Advance all things Dickensian !—Advance Dickensiana !

For this 'ere Boz
Is a tip top feller
Some others write well,
But he wrote *Weller !*

The roll-call of Branches revealed a larger attendance since before the war and after other preliminary business had been despatched, there followed the :

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT

The past year has been notable in its chief characteristic—transition. The war with Germany had just concluded when Conference last met and the fall of Japan was but a few weeks ahead. Conditions were sufficiently difficult, however, to render a return to normality a matter for considerable lapse of time, but plans were laid immediately and sufficiently well laid to find everything set and ready for further progress by the assembling of this Conference.

The Emergency Committee, which had administered Dickens Fellowship affairs throughout the war, relinquished its powers to the Executive Committee, which reassembled in the Autumn and made vital decisions about the immediate future and particularly about the rehabilitation of the Dickens House as the core of the Fellowship's activities. These plans duly came to fruition, until the office of the Fellowship was again in being at Doughty Street and staffed once more by Miss D. L. Minards, the invaluable Assistant Secretary for so many years. Rapid progress was then made and the House ready for its ceremonial opening by the time appointed for Conference. The House will be valued by Dickens lovers more highly than ever now that so much of

Dickens's London has been destroyed by enemy action during the war. Only a few hundred yards away, Gray's Inn, so intimately associated with Dickens's life and work, is the scene of apalling desolation, in striking contrast to the now spick and span Dickens House.

A feature of the year has been the resuscitation of several branches which have remained quiescent throughout the war, such as Portsmouth, Hull, Bristol, Plymouth, and others. There remain a number of branches about which we, as yet, know but little and it will be Council's care in the near future to make investigations among them to ascertain the chances of their becoming active once more.

The subject of Dickens has received considerable public attention during the year. A new full-length biography by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy has appeared and aroused much controversy in the press; so much so that the belief of its publishers that they were sponsoring the final Life of the novelist is not likely to be realised. In addition, two novels have been in course of transcription to the cinema screen, *Great Expectations* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. The producers have kept in touch with the Fellowship and, bearing in mind the impossibliity of attaining complete success in this field, confidence may be encouraged that cinema-goers will see Dickens worthily represented. As this report is compiled, the B.B.C. has commenced yet another Dickens broadcast serial, *Dombey and Son*. So far, success has not been so apparent as in the case of *Bleak House*, but public interest is considerable.

Our prosperity is largely bound up with that of *The Dickensian*, which continues to command much interest and support throughout the Fellowship. The circulation is steadily rising again, owing to the revival of branches dormant during the war years, but even now is but a half of what it was before the slump of 1931. It is the aim of Council to reach and surpass that figure (4,500) as soon as possible, and ways and means to that end will be considered. It cannot be denied that support of its magazine in many quarters of the Fellowship is quite inadequate. Assuming that its quality is satisfactory (and no complaints on that score are received—very much to the contrary) this lack of support is very greatly to be deplored. A circulation of 5,000 or more would not only confer a great measure of financial stability upon the Fellowship, but would render it much more influential in matters of vital concern. It may be fairly assumed that those branches which fail to support it are those whose interests are less Dickensian than social, and Council may find it expedient to consider the matter in detail. The indefinite duplication of branches which do not devote the major part of their activities to the study of Dickens and his works can contribute but little strength to the Fellowship as a whole. It would seem that the ultimate aim should be that every branch should fix its subscription to include *The Dickensian*. That policy, so long advocated, must be adopted before the Fellowship fully attains the position which it should undoubtedly command.

Now that the Fellowship can pursue its way without the impediments of the most severe of war-time conditions, its many problems may be faced and ultimately overcome. But at this juncture it is, perhaps, permissible to pause in thankfulness for the survival of our Fellowship through the stupendous crisis of the war and to gather therefrom inspiration and strength for the work which lies ahead.

The presentation of accounts by the Hon. Treasurer followed. Although it had again been found impossible for the Hon. Auditors to examine the books and supply their certificate in time for the Conference, owing to present day difficulties, Mr. Hill was able to report that all the accounts showed a balance on the right side. This was due to the extreme care of all resources which has been exercised throughout the war, but now that the House is re-opening and the Fellowship resuming its full activities, the financial guidance of our affairs is likely to prove more difficult. The report was adopted subject to audit.

It was then proposed on the motion of the Hon. Secretary, that Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E. be elected President for 1946/8. Mr. Staples paid a warm tribute to the kindly readiness with which Mr. Dickens had always been willing to assist us in the past, and expressed the appreciation of the Fellowship of his acceptance of the Council's

invitation and their conviction we should greatly benefit from the leadership of the present head of the Dickens family. Seconded by Mr. Blackford of Redditch, the proposal was carried with acclamation. The Chairman paid a warm tribute to the retiring President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose term of office through the long years of war had been an inspiration. The re-election of the Vice Presidents followed.

The election of the new Hon. Secretary, Mr. Percy Merriman, came next on the list and in eloquent speeches by Mr. Geo. F. Young and Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell of Bath, he was recommended to Conference which elected him amid the warmest demonstrations of goodwill. Mr. Merriman, in briefly replying, pledged himself to serve the Fellowship to the utmost of his capacity. Thus begins a new era in our history and the good wishes of every member will go out to our new Secretary. Mr. T. W. Hill was re-elected Hon. Treasurer on the proposals of Mrs. J. Bacon and Mr. Mason of Liverpool, with every sign of the esteem and affection with which he is so widely regarded. Mr. Leslie C. Staples was again elected Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian* and on the proposals of Miss Mary Corney of Manchester, and Mrs. Gwen Major, both of whom not only paid warm tributes to Mr. Staples for his editorship, a difficult task in following so distinguished and successful a predecessor, but also, to his conduct of Fellowship affairs throughout the past seven difficult years as Hon. Secretary.

Messrs. Whinney Smith & Whinney, Ltd. were once again elected Hon. Auditors, a post they have so generously and successfully filled for so many years.

The most important item on the Agenda was reached when Mr. T. W. Hill rose to address Conference on :

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

Walter Dexter Memorial.

The Dickens House stands in real need of adequate endowment and what I am going to say is addressed to you all ; those who have already done so much, those who have not done so much, to those who have done little, and those who are about to embark on a campaign to help. Let us all join in one united effort to realize an ambition that has been frustrated in the past owing to causes beyond control.

May I repeat what, as Treasurer, I have had annually to tell you for many years. We are only just able to keep the House going and to keep just out of debt by the generosity and public spirit of The Friends of the Dickens House. Our normal income from all sources is not sufficient to meet our normal necessary expenditure, and what we should do without the Friends of the Dickens House is a recurrent nightmare.

But you have heard enough of this aspect of the subject. What we want and what we must have is a Capital Sum, the interest on which will be sufficient to relieve the Trustees of all financial anxieties ; their responsibilities are quite onerous enough without money worries.

I hope you have all read the fervent outpourings of the Editor in the June number of *The Dickensian*. I have, and find that that gentleman has stolen most of my thunder. I forgive him, and he can't help me forgiving him. Let him enjoy his triumph. Anyway I could not do better what he has done with such persuasive eloquence. I must try to add some fresh points to those he has laid before you.

Let me look for a moment at the past. When the house was first acquired, the early balance sheets show that we regarded our Credit Balance each year as an Endowment and Equipment Fund. But that idea had to be abandoned owing to our constant need to meet extraordinary expenses, and the so-called Endowment Fund disappeared

in current maintenance. Then ten or twelve years ago we had to appeal to Branches for funds for re-decorations and raised a special sum of between £200 and £300. This year we have spent, from carefully hoarded savings during the war, over £350 on re-fitting the House for its re-opening.

Such expedients get us nowhere ; they are only flashes in the pan ; we still want an adequate endowment, as we ought to be able to feel that such expenses can be faced without anxiety. And the Council promise, nay bind themselves, to see that every farthing subscribed will be placed in a special fund which will be regarded not as an Asset to be gloated over but as a Liability to be accounted for, never to be raided in any circumstances ; and only the annual interest of which will be used.

We tried to be modest in our hopes and began by placing our figure at £5,000, but the tendency for all costs to rise has caused us to review our desires and instead of regarding £5,000 as a maximum desirable, it must be looked upon as the minimum essential ; the higher we can go beyond it the safer we shall feel. We have already received nearly £600, as you see from *The Dickensian*, so we have made a start ; quite a good and encouraging start, but only a start.

We shall give a warm welcome for any contribution, whether from members of the Fellowship or from those admirers of Dickens who have not yet joined us but ought to, whether such donations take the form of the widow's mite, the artisan's pence, the professional's shilling, the well-to-do's guinea, or the millionaire's big cheque. Let us all bear a hand in the good work. Worry your friends ; persecute your enemies, if you have any ; but increase the fund. Say to your friends, your neighbours, your acquaintances : "Have you read any of Dickens's works ? Did you like them ? Then give me half-a-crown for every one you have read " ; or : "What, you don't like Dickens ? You couldn't stand his books ? Then give me half-a-crown for every book you have missed, and rejoice that I don't ask for more."

Think, dear friends, of what you are working for : The Dickens House. In 1925 B. W. Matz, when the House was opened, wrote that the House was to be, "A Dickens Mecca, a Dickens Rendezvous, a Dickens Information Bureau and a Dickens University." A wonderful conception you will agree.

We don't call it a Dickens *Museum* ; that connotes tidiness, often lifelessness, and a general smell of floor-polish and disinfectants.

We don't call it a Dickens *Library* ; that raises mental pictures of dustiness and the smell of musty leather and of bookworms with two legs and neglected clothes, or the other variety with six legs and an appetite for paper, cardboard and paste.

We don't call it a Dickens *Memorial*, as that means something quite dead.

We regard it as a Dickens *Shrine*, which the dictionary tells me means a casket holding some sacred or precious relics or a place hallowed by some sacred memory.

We do call it The Dickens *House*, for a house is something alive, a *Home* where members of a family gather and enjoy all the delights of intimacy and friendship. If it includes, as The Dickens House does, a museum and a library, so much the better ; it gives those adjuncts life they would not otherwise have. Moreover, The Dickens House was the *Dickens* house and contains precious and priceless personal reminders of its great owner of more than a century ago. It is also *our* Dickens House ; it is *our* Dickensian Home, in which every one of us is a welcome —not guest—but part owner, as a member of the Great Family of Dickens-Lovers.

Does not each of us subscribe on joining the Fellowship to the fourth

of our special objects: "To assist in the preservation of buildings and objects associated with his name?" Is not the Dickens House such an object; and is it not worthy of permanent endowment?

We have chosen this opportunity, the first post-war Conference to launch this nation-wide appeal:

Firstly, because we look for a resurgence of the life and prosperity of the Dickens Fellowship;

Secondly, because we want to see the House in a sound financial position for its re-opening and the renewal of its usefulness;

Thirdly, because former efforts to secure an adequate endowment have failed and we intend this one to succeed;

and Fourthly, because we want to associate with the appeal the name of Walter Dexter and to perpetuate his memory.

The two great driving forces in the history of the Dickens Fellowhip have been Bertram Matz and Walter Dexter. Their brains, their pens, and their purses were always at the service of the cause for which they lived and which they loved so well. Of Matz we have a worthy memorial, commemorated in an inscription in the House. Now we can commemorate Dexter, who was for seventeen years our Treasurer and then for twenty years Editor of our magazine. His gifts to the House, both financial and material have been on the most generous scale, and the establishment of an Endowment Fund had occupied his anxious thought for many years.

Will you not help to put it in our power to erect an inscription in the House so that his name will be for ever associated in gratitude with the realization of all his and our hopes?

Finally, this appeal is launched to all lovers of Dickens, all lovers of English literature, all lovers of humour, all lovers of children, all lovers of social betterment, and to all haters of sham and humbug.

Will you stand supine while others make the result of this appeal a success?

Will you put your shoulders to the wheel and justify the faith that is in you?

Don't be Micawbers, waiting for something to turn up; if anything is to be turned up, let it be your own shirt-sleeves.

Long live the Dickens House!

As Mr. Hill concluded his appeal, Miss Mary Corney approached the platform and presented him with a cheque for £100, bringing the contribution of the Manchester Branch to £200, a splendid effort, all accomplished within her own term of Presidency. Mrs. Newberry, President of the Southend Branch, followed with a further contribution of that Branch of £25. To these Mr. Lascelles, Hon. Treasurer of the Bromley Branch, added a cheque for £30 from his Branch. It is confidently hoped that by the time Conference 1947 assembles, a really substantial sum will have been subscribed.

It was reported by the Hon. Secretary that Conference had received no invitation for 1947 so far, but Mrs. Newberry, President of the Southend Branch, rose to say that, if the hotel accommodation was released in time, that Branch would be delighted to issue such an invitation. Mrs. Newberry was asked to convey the thanks of Conference to her branch and to express the hope that the plan would prove practicable.

Members were reminded that the book for special study for the coming season, 1946/7, is *A Tale of Two Cities*. The book now chosen for the season 1947/8 is *Great Expectations*.

A particularly cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Leo Mason of Blackburn, was passed on the proposals of Mr. H. E. Evans of Manchester and Mr. C. H. Redman. Mr. Mason had filled the office of Chairman of the Council for seven years, a record, and throughout that time had always attended our Conferences however truncated by the

war they had to be. He had maintained that contact between the Branches and with London, the value of which was difficult to overestimate, and his addresses were brilliant essays that were eagerly awaited and invariably fulfilled the highest expectations. The motion was carried with enthusiasm and after Mr. Mason had briefly replied the meeting closed.

Midday found the delegates and guests assembled at the Holborn Restaurant for the Conference Luncheon, for which two hundred people took their seats at the tables, under the Chairmanship of their newly-elected President, to whom fell the task of proposing the principal toast, that of:

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS."

Rising amid great enthusiasm, Mr. Dickens said:

Fellow Dickensians,

That awe-inspiring noise I made just now was made with this instrument, which was the original hammer used by Charles Dickens when he presided at festivities of this kind.

I thought I would bring it with me because I thought possibly there might be some inspiration in the handle which would be communicated to myself and make my speech more agreeable to you.

Well, fellow Dickensians, you have elected me in Conference, your President, and I cannot tell you how grateful and proud I am of the honour. I am none the less appreciative of my proud position, because I realise quite well that you have not elected me to this office on account of any intrinsic merits of my own but solely on account of my lineage. When Mr. Staples wrote to me suggesting that this affair was in the offing, he told me that the first thing I had to do was to deliver what he called "a Presidential Address." Well, that sounded very portentous to me and must arouse considerable apprehension in your breasts—but do not be frightened. In the first place, I dislike making speeches in public; I suppose the fact that I have had to make speeches for a living for the last 40 years or so is the reason. Moreover, I am no orator as Brutus is, or, as I should say, standing here, as is my distinguished predecessor, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the charm and wit of whose oratory is only equalled by the charm of his pen. You won't get anything of that sort from me, just a few plain words which I hope you will bear with patience.

Now I suppose that some of you may expect me to give you my views on the works of my grandfather. I thought that over for a bit, but I wondered whether you would be interested. For instance, if I were to tell you that I prefer Bella Wilfer to Amy Dorrit, or that I find *Hard Times* very difficult to digest, I do not think you would be particularly interested—so I am not going to try!

Instead of talking about the work of the man, I have decided to say a few plain words to you about the man himself, because, you know, I think the time has come when somebody should get up and say something in his favour. I propose to use the opportunity you have given me to break a humble lance in his defence. It is time that somebody did.

I have read a lot of things about him lately in print. From time to time I have noticed various articles, of which one London evening paper of enormous circulation seems to be a ready recipient, attacking his personal character. I always thought that Dickens was the man who wrote *Pickwick Papers*, *Copperfield*, and laboured all his life for the good of the suffering and the poor, and lived and died in their service. Well, apparently that is not the way Dickens should be thought about. I have seen him described in print, over the name of a man said to have some literary repute, as the most unattractive man of his time, and from that and other writings I learn that he was a fop; addicted to drunkenness; a cruel and unnatural father, and a libertine with women. If all these things *were* true should we appreciate his works any the less? But, *are* they true; what is the evidence for them? Let us examine these allegations and see what the evidence is.

I have no doubt whatever that Dickens had a liking for gaudy waistcoats, for instance, but then it was a fashion of those days and the best people did it. Other individuals had the same failing; such men as "Dizzy," Lord Lytton and Count D'Orsay. If it was a weakness was it not "an amiable weakness?"

The next charge : that he was addicted to drink. I cannot speak from my own knowledge of course, having been born after he died, but I will tell you this ; my father, of course, knew him intimately for the first 22 years of his life. He used to tell us that though Dickens delighted in preparing the feasts, ordering the dinner, searching the cellar, and mixing the punch with the gusto of a super-Micawber, he never did more than sip the stuff himself. There was never a single occasion on which it was ever hinted by anybody that Dickens was ever seen for one moment to be the worse for drink, and his was a publicised life if ever there was one. I wish that could be said of all of us.

The third charge is that he was a bad father, a cruel and unnatural father. Now what are the facts about that ? I don't know what Dickens's views about his children were, and what he thought best for them. I do know this, however, that having known three of his children, one (not very well I admit) an uncle ; one my aunt, Mrs. Perugini, very well ; and last my father whom, of course, I knew better still, and all I can tell you about that side of Dickens's character is that these three held their father's memory in the deepest affection and respect.

Now we come to the more delicate part of what I have to say to you, and I know you will forgive me for talking about this subject, about Dickens's association with women. When these accusations are made against Dickens and you look into them, they boil down to a charge that he had an affair with one lady. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I suppose that after 44 years at the Bar I may class myself as a trained lawyer, and speaking as a trained lawyer I would say to you after examining the facts that the evidence would not be sufficient on which to hang a cat. What does it come to ? It all arises from the fact that he left a sum of money to a lady in his will, a lady of whom undoubtedly he was very fond. What do we add to that ? A certain amount of hearsay about a supposed confession by the lady herself. We do not know anything about the particular circumstances in which that confession was made (if it was made), what was her mental condition at the time, or whether, if it was made, it was made, perhaps, with a desire to associate herself with a page in history. Add to that the alleged indiscretion of a garrulous parson and what more ?

Now see how history is made. " A " we will call him, writes a book about a big man and rightly or wrongly, honestly or dishonestly, comes to the conclusion on the evidence before him or her that such and such is a fact and puts it down in the book as a fact. Some years later somebody else, whom we will call " B," writes a book on the same subject and reproduces this as a fact, with, as proof, a footnote at the bottom of the page, " see ' A,' page 73." " C " later writes a similar book, again setting out the allegation, this time supported by a triumphant footnote which reads, " See ' A,' page 73. See ' B,' page 52." There you have history.

Well, I am not going to say any more about these unpleasant accusations against Dickens, but I would like to ask you this ; among the distinguished men of his time or any time, how many have you heard of who made so many life-long, devoted friends ? Think of them—Forster, Longfellow, Macready, Stanfield, Jeffrey, Maclise, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Landor—one would be tempted to doubt whether indeed he was such an " unattractive " man !

Well, there it is, when a man is a great man I suppose fifty years or so after he dies this sort of thing is always said about him. No doubt, in the Academic Groves it was often said that old Homer was a disreputable scamp ; no doubt, in the piazza of Florence, Dante was reputed to have been guilty of all sorts of unholy sins ; and I have no doubt whatever that in the coffee houses of the Restoration it used to be said that Milton went to bed drunk every night !

So we cannot complain, but I think, though, you will agree with me, fellow Dickensians, that enough has now been said about Dickens, the man, and that it is about time the subject was dropped and his fame allowed to rest on his works.

But, though I say we cannot complain about this habit of attacking the character of great men dead and gone, I do suggest that we have the right to complain when the opportunity is taken to make charges against the people who have been associated with the great man in their lives. As to this, let me shiver another fragile lance in defence of my dear great-aunt, Georgina Hogarth. In a recent book about Dickens, Miss Georgina Hogarth is held up as a cold, calculating, Machiavellian conspirator ; a woman who worked systematically to oust her sister from her husband's house and to get her

children sent away so that she would have dominion over the great man and his affairs. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I knew that old lady for 40 years or so. She was looked after by my father and mother from the day of their marriage to the day of her death, and I think I am sufficient judge of character to tell you that I knew her quite well. She was a dear, sweet, Victorian, kind-hearted, charming lady. She was quite incapable of spite and I am absolutely certain that she was incapable of doing anybody any unkindness. The story that she was a wicked conspirator is a myth, as is, I fear, the story, that is accepted as a fact, that she was a perfect housekeeper and wonderful manager of his affairs and upbringer of his children. In fact, she was nothing of the sort. She was charming and affectionate, and must have made a delightful hostess, but otherwise she was but an ordinary mid-Victorian lady and rather helpless and inefficient. Indeed, she was no great figure in history at all. I think her memory might well be allowed to rest in peace.

Now, fellow Dickensians, I know I have been a long time and I am reminded that I am not only the President of this association, but Chairman of this gathering and the first duty of a chairman, as I understand it, is to take the chair—which duty I seem to have neglected for quite a time. So I am not going to give you my views on Dickens's works. One thing struck me as perhaps worth saying—I do not think we, any of us, have properly studied the lesser-known works, papers, speeches and letters of Dickens, where there are numerous riches that we might well discover to our advantage. I am going to suggest to Mr. Staples, the very able editor of our admirable *Dickensian*, that he might institute a competition in that magazine for the submission of the best three pieces from these lesser known works. I would be willing and delighted to present a prize for the best effort in the shape of something personal connected with Dickens.*

If you can bear with me for just a few minutes longer, here are the sort of passages I mean.

"The aunt and nephew in this City church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and string, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young St. Anthony for a while resists, but presently becomes a backslider, and in dumb show defies the sniggerers to 'heave' a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by the aunt (a rigorous, reduced gentlewoman, who has the charge of offices), and I perceive that worthy relative to poke him in the side with the corrugated, hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this by holding his breath and terrifying his kinswoman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes he swells and becomes discoloured and, yet again, swells and becomes discoloured, until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out with no visible neck, and with his eyes going before him like prawns."

"The personage was dressed in black of square cut, and was stricken in years, and wore a black velvet cap, and cloth shoes. He was of a staid, wealthy, and dissatisfied aspect. In his hand he conducted a mysterious child; a child of the feminine gender. The child had a beaver hat, with a stiff drab plume that surely never belonged to any bird of the air. The child was further attired in a nankeen frock and spencer, brown boxing-gloves and a veil. It had a blemish in the nature of currant jelly on its chin, and was a thirsty child. Insomuch that the personage carried in his pocket a green bottle, from which, when the first psalm was given out, the child was openly refreshed. At all other times throughout the service it was motionless, and stood on the seat of the large pew, closely fitted into the corner, like a rain-water pipe."

"Pot boiler." it might be said, but what a "pot boiler!"

Now look these things up for yourself and get to know these lesser-known works. You'll enjoy them and, I hope, enter for the prize. I must now remind you, ladies and gentlemen, that the Dickens House will be open informally at 6.30 p.m. this evening, and it is hoped that as many of you as possible will get there. You will each have an opportunity of sitting for a moment in one of the historic chairs of the world, the chair in which Dickens wrote his last works. I do not know what you are going to do with yourselves

* See page 216.

until then, If I were Mr. Wardle I should ask you to go with me for a 20 mile walk, but I doubt very much whether you would go !

Let me assure you again that I am proud to be associated in any way with the Fellowship, still more to be the President of an association founded, as it is, on the Dickens virtues of goodwill and kindliness, virtues which are not too apparent nowadays. Be it your duty to extend it in numbers and influence. To conclude, I beg you to raise your glasses and drink " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

Among the visitors was Dr. Serge Tolstoy, a grandson of the great novelist, who briefly referred to his grandfather's admiration for Dickens and expressed his pleasure at being able to be present.

THE TOAST OF " THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP."

This toast fell to Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, whose broadcast readings from Dickens have justly won for him such wide appreciation. He said :

Ladies and Gentlemen,

A good many societies have been started at one time or another to perpetuate the memory of some great writer, and a good many have foundered in due course because people cannot go on for ever in a perpetual state of admiration—cannot go on for ever discussing what Mr. Thing may or may not have meant in line 1002 of his greatest and longest poem. That sort of commemorative activity is good in its way, but there comes a time when the work is finished and there is nothing more to be said. If societies of this sort are to go on existing there has to be something more than reverent speculation behind them. Now, I don't doubt that the Dickens Fellowship has survived in such stout health because it has been dealing not with fussy points of interpretation, but with the largest corporation of good company that any author ever left behind him.

People have been eager to linger with these agreeable people, to collect information about them and the times they lived in—and, in short, to enjoy themselves. The years have passed gaily by—and almost without knowing it, the Dickens Fellowship has grown into a position of new importance. By the act of surviving a certain length of years it has become an authoritative body—half accidentally it has become a focus for research on a certain period. Charles Dickens started to write his books at a most important moment—before the beginning of many of the sweeping changes which brought about this modern world—before the Theatre Regulating Act ; before the Railways ; before the Public Health Acts and the Reform of Education. He wrote of what he saw and what he knew. His style was extravagant but his impression was accurate. Critics of Dickens who think they know all about a historical period without indulging in the smallest amount of historical research, are very ready to call him a caricaturist. I can only reply that I have done a great deal of research on his period and am continually staggered by his general accuracy.

Let me give you some instances. I dare say I am one of few people who have actually appeared on the stage of an unaltered 18th century playhouse. There was such a theatre at Cambridge, miraculously preserved by being used as a mission hall. It was altered about 1926—but there it was for a short time, open to the public view—the exact model of the picture in *Nickleby*, and with a rake on the stage which must have necessitated an entirely different style of acting—precisely fitted to the techniques of Old Bricks and Mortar and Mr. Lenville. In old theatrical memoirs of the period I have found parallels for an astonishing number of statements in Dickens. Nicholas's and Smike's combined salary of £1 a week, for instance, isn't the extravagant joke that some people suppose. At the very moment Dickens was writing there were artists at the Norwich Theatre drawing no more than a guinea. And at York, not much earlier, an actor was drawing only sixteen shillings. Then the actresses : Tate Wilkinson of the York Theatre, writing in his Memoirs of Hannah Brand, says, " Either in the street or the room, she wanted only a spear or a shield to have awed the wondering beholders with her grand and majestic portly bearing," How like Mrs. Crummles ! And how like that lady's " Charnel house voice " is his description of Miss Brand speaking—off the Stage—" as awfully as the ghost in Hamlet."

Then Squeers . . . I wonder how many readers are aware that the famous Dotheboys Hall advertisement is lifted almost *verbatim* from a real advertisement in the "Times"—with only the smallest additions to tip it into the field of satire. And how many realise that certain of the most fantastic points of description of the school are also taken *verbatim* from the legal reports of the "Times." Dickens is said to have made a very perfunctory examination of his subject. I must reply that the examination fits singularly well with the facts given in other accounts, not so easily to be found as the files of the "Times." Perhaps the easy critics may have got so far as reading Richard Cobden, but have they ever come across James Abernethy, or Perkins, or Pince, or John Dobson? And if they have discovered that Bowes Academy was, after all, quite a good place for teaching; have they also discovered that Simpson's was not, and that Cotherstone was, in every respect, quite as bad as Dotheboys Hall? I have spent some time rooting among these facts. The "Times" and the theatrical memoirs may be found by anyone who knows what he's looking for in the British Museum.

But what about the rest of it, the odd letter, the chapter in a forgotten biography, the article in a long dead magazine? Where will you find these? In the specialised library of the Dickens Fellowship, which, I venture to say is the only place in the world where you will find them assembled together. And that is the point towards which all these remarks have been leading. The Dickens Fellowship has passed beyond the period of mere adulation. It finds itself now in the possession of unique information about an age which is further off than people fondly suppose. I have often been asked to expound the nature of "a moral pocket handkerchief." Nothing is easier—I have seen one—in the museum of the Dickens Fellowship—and I say that it, and John Dobson's letters, and the Bowes Academy copy book, and relics of that kind, are far more valuable than all the first editions and autographs and locks of hair that you can find. They are evidence of the social history of this people—and evidence of the accuracy of Dickens, the novelist.

Now, like Mr. Jingle, I don't presume to dictate, but I would like to take this opportunity of urging the Dickens Fellowship to be untiring in their work upon these sources of knowledge. I have been amazed by the wealth of material which I found in that library. If any critic or playwright were searching for an accurate middle-class musical background for the period round about 1840 he couldn't do better than examine the conversation of Mr. Richard Swiveller. Can anybody place all those quotations? I recognise "The Beggar's Opera," and Byron, Tom Moore, and Thomas Haynes Bayly, the man who wrote, "She wore a wreath of roses" and "We met—'twas in a crowd," and "Oh no we never mention her," but what about the others? I think the Fellowship should make it its business to run all those quotations to earth, and collect all the music. Just think of the excitement when someone discovers an original tune in Shakespeare. It never ought to have been lost. A hundred years from now these favourite songs of Mr. Swiveller's will be equally rare.

My second request is for some research upon Mr. Stiggins. In common with many, I thought these scenes a bit steep, until quite recently I read the earlier angry attacks upon certain puritans by Samuel Foote and Tate Wilkinson, and also the assaults made upon those gentlemen by the said puritans. Had Dickens as much reason for writing as he did as Foote and Wilkinson certainly had? Knowing what I do about Squeers, I'm no longer prepared to accept Stiggins only as a figure of farce.

These things, I suggest, are matters worthy of careful consideration. The Dickens Fellowship is a body which has far outgrown its original purpose. It has discovered a duty and developed a power to carry that duty out. It is of real literary and social importance that it should go on and prosper—and, therefore, I have the greatest pleasure in proposing a health to its long life and continued prosperity.

Then followed a series of admirable impersonations from Dickens by Mr. J. Greaves, for which he was warmly thanked by the Chairman, who also voiced the company's appreciation of the series of brilliant figures from the novels which adorned the tables and were designed, painted and presented by Mr. Greaves for use at such functions as this.

The reply to Mr. Clinton-Baddeley on behalf of the Dickens Fellowship was made by Mr. J. Lea Axon of Manchester.

Speaking as a member (together with his wife, whom he rejoiced to say was also present) of thirty seven years' standing, Mr. Lea Axon paid fine tributes to the vigour and usefulness of the Dickens Fellowship and bore witness to the wealth of happiness that he and Mrs. Lea Axon had received from it for so long. What it had done for him, given him friends, friends of his own turn of mind and added considerably to his stock of knowledge, that it had done for many others. In short, *it was worth while*, hence its long survival. Referring to the future he made a strong plea for the enrolment of youth in order that the work might go on and instanced one method, as it seemed to him, of securing the interest of youth, that of good dramatic representations. Such an one he had witnessed recently, when the Children's Theatre had brought *Great Expectations* to Manchester in dramatic form, and he was spellbound at the absorption of the huge audience of children. The widening of the plan for London members to visit the branches, Mr. Lea Axon also strongly advocated. Recent visits of such members to the Manchester Branch had, he averred, been of great interest and usefulness to the Branch. Now that the war was over he hoped to see such visits much more frequent and widespread. An eloquent tribute was paid to the work of the retiring Hon. Secretary during the war years and another to the Hon. Treasurer for his efforts to raise an adequate Endowment for the Dickens House. That appeal, he was convinced, would succeed as soon as the Branches fully realised the need. We must firmly establish the Dickens House, he concluded, because it is the memorial of the great man presented to the world by John Forster, a presentation unaffected by the determined but misguided efforts of recent writers.

Finally, the retiring Hon. Secretary requested Mr. Compton Mackenzie to propose the Health of the Chairman and in so doing expressed the thanks of the Fellowship for the long and valuable term for which Mr. Mackenzie had served as its President ; years which were critical indeed, but which were spanned by his leadership with all the wisdom, wit and charm for which he was so justly celebrated.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE ON "THE CHAIRMAN."

Mr. Mackenzie said that in proposing the health of Mr. Dickens, he felt like Mr. Pickwick when proposing the health of Mr. Wardle and he could do no better than quote his words : "Our good friend there is a noble person, and I am proud to know him. He is a kind, excellent, independent-spirited fine-hearted, hospitable, liberal man . . . " He always felt the warmth of a Dickens Fellowship audience and that persuaded him that Mr. Dickens was certain of the sincerest welcome. He was particularly gratified to hear Mr. Dickens's defence of his grandfather that day. Some people seemed to consider celebrities fair game for scandal and had little consideration for other people involved. But there was no malice in it. He once quarrelled with a well-known contemporary on such a matter and he was asked what he objected to. Mr. Mackenzie replied, "I object to hyænas nosing in the entrails of dead lions." (Cheers) "I have the greatest pleasure in being here to-day and look forward confidently to the day when I shall quaveringly propose the Health of Miss Monica Dickens as a President of the Dickens Fellowship. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast of your Chairman, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens."

The toast was received with great enthusiasm and after Mr. Dickens had briefly replied, the afternoon came to a close.

The great event of the Conference was the re-opening ceremony of the Dickens House, which followed the luncheon, and is reported on page 171.

On the Sunday morning following, visitors were conducted on a tour through the City by Mr. Geo. F. Young and in the afternoon to Hampstead village and Heath by Mr. Leslie C. Staples. The weather continued glorious and both tours were greatly enjoyed by more than

a hundred visitors. Tea was served in Golders Green and later in the evening there was a social gathering at the Headquarters Hotel, the Bonnington, Southampton Row, at which many visitors and Londoners contributed to the programme.

PILGRIMAGE TO KENT.

Monday morning saw no less than one hundred and fifty delegates board motor-coaches for a tour of Kentish Dickens land. A halt was called at Chalk, where Joe Gargery's forge was inspected, as also were the three cottages said by various writers to have been the scene of Dickens's honeymoon. The guide, Mr. Staples, caused some amusement by his recital of the story of the tablet which, as can now with certainty be stated, was placed on the wrong house, but which cannot be removed to the correct one as the possessing householders decline to relinquish it. A ramble round Rochester, under Mr. Staples' guidance, brought the pilgrims to the Gordon Hotel, and where the company was welcomed to luncheon by the President of the Rochester Branch, the Very Rev. Thomas Crick, Dean of Rochester, and Mrs. Crick. Another honoured guest was Miss W. Stewart Burt, the present owner of Gadshill Place. A large overflow luncheon party gathered at the Bull Hotel. Later the tour was resumed and by the great generosity of Miss Burt, the whole party were privileged to inspect the house at Gadshill and to perambulate the gardens and the wilderness by traversing the celebrated tunnel under the road, now no longer an Air Raid Wardens' Post, as it was during the recent war. After the heartiest vote of thanks to Miss Burt, the party continued to Cobham, where they visited the Church with its wonderful brasses, and wandered through the quaint almshouses until tea was served at the Leather Bottle and at an adjacent establishment. London was reached at seven o'clock and thus concluded a very memorable Conference. L. C. S.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

A B.B.C. BROADCAST ON JULY 4TH

BY V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY

I DON'T like houses that are kept just as they were left by the dead many long years before. Somehow, instead of creating an impression of vitality they always suggest to me exactly the opposite. It's Time struck still—a masquerade—an exhibition in fancy dress. Now 48 Doughty Street doesn't give one any feeling like this. It's fresh and clean and beautifully kept, and still the house where Dickens lived and worked; but no attempt has been made to recreate the house as it was in his time. Plenty of people have lived there since then—and yet one almost has the feeling one might meet him round the corner, because (in spite of the fact that the rooms are furnished with show cases) 48 Doughty Street remains a house; it doesn't feel like a museum at all.

It is true that Dickens lived there less than three years (that is, from early 1837 to the end of 1839) but they were famous years, because it was here that he wrote half *Pickwick*, all of *Oliver Twist*, all of *Nicholas Nickleby* and part of *Barnaby Rudge*.

The house itself is a small late 18th century building. It's neat outside and very pretty inside, with recessed windows, curved doors, and a pleasant wide staircase. In it you can see letters and pictures, first editions, and manuscripts—including one treasured page of *Pickwick*. You know there *are* only 44 pages of the *Pickwick* manuscript left in

existence—and they're worth about fifteen hundred pounds each. Then there's the desk that Dickens used for his public readings ; the shooting script of the film version of *David Copperfield*, autographed by all the stars who appeared in it ; and a unique library containing everything that's ever been written on the subject of Dickens and his writings.

Research into the life and interests of many great writers often ends with nothing more valuable than a collection of letters and a few personal relics—but to study Dickens is to study History, and there are objects in this exhibition which have been assembled, not for personal or sentimental reasons, but as corroborative evidence of some of the strangest facts in the Dickens novels, some of the strangest facts in English social history—For example, the copy books from Bowes Academy—the Yorkshire school that Dickens in part pilloried in Dotheboys Hall. And a set of quarterly letters written by a boy from that school—quarterly letters—letters uncomfortably reminiscent of the Squeers rule for correspondence, which (if you remember) was " None, except a circular at Christmas to say they were never so happy and hope they may never be sent for."

Here's one of these letters, dated February 18th, 1818 :

> " My dear Mother, I send you my best thanks for your present of a cake and shall do all I can to be a good boy and to make good improvement in my learning. I often think of you, my dear Mother, and will always endeavour to please you. I am in good health and hope you are, too. To you and my Aunt I send my love and am, my dear Mother, your dutiful son, John C. Dobson."

John Dobson was only eight years old when he wrote that—and a few months later he was dead. The Dickens House even has the receipt for his tombstone.

There are two items which have been lent to the exhibition now for the first time. Mr. Henry Dickens (President of the Dickens Fellowship) has lent the chair which Dickens used at Gad's Hill, the same that appears in the famous picture " The Empty Chair," which was painted by Fildes immediately after Dickens's death. The other new exhibit is the original " Little Wooden Midshipman," which Dickens describes in *Dombey and Son*. You remember ; " that which thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe buckles and flapped waistcoat the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery—"

This model's been lent by a City firm of chart publishers, whose trade sign he's been for 200 years. Fortunately the little gentleman was an evacuee during the war and he escaped the destruction of the premises he once adorned—and so now for awhile he's come to stay at Doughty Street—and a most beautiful example of the art and fancy of another age he is.

Doughty Street is only just behind Holborn. At one end are the green trees of Mecklenberg Square, at the other the green trees of Gray's Inn. Buses and trams pass the Gray's Inn end of the road—but the street itself is quiet and empty. The Dickens House is about half way down. For the price of a small admission fee you can walk about in it as if it were your own. It's much too far for the ordinary sightseer (who regards anything a hundred yards from a main thoroughfare as dangerous, uncharted territory) a fact that I find really very agreeable, because it leaves one of the pleasantest corners of Dickensian London open to those who can enjoy looking for it.

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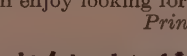

NOTES ON *MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT*

By T. W. HILL

(*continued from page* 148)

Chapter X

1. TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN. A popular adage that was either originated or adapted by W. Somerville (1677-1742) in "The Sweet-scented Miser":

"But time and tide for no man stay."

2. LEADS ON TO FORTUNE. This sentence to the end of the paragraph is another instance of a paraphrase applied to Pecksniff, from Shakespeare's original lines:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures."

"Julius Cæsar," Act IV, Sc. 3.

3. HACKNEY COACH. The forerunner of the cab and the taxi. In police licences these vehicles are still called hackney carriages.

4. DOMESTIC BIRD . . . BREATHING ITS LAST. A periphrasis of "a dying duck in a thunderstorm." Dickens attributes the saying to the poetry of ages, but it is doubtful if it was even a century old when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written as it appears to owe its origin to Dr. John Wolcot (1738-1819), who under the pseudonym of "Peter Pindar" wrote many satiric poems and humorous pamphlets, some of them aimed at King George III.

5. SHAVED PRETTY CLOSE. To shave is to scrape, so in a figurative sense to shave pretty close is to be so hard in making a bargain as to extort the utmost advantage, even to the extent of cheating; hence the young gentleman's boastful and second-hand threat to Mr. Jinkins. "A close shave" has also the figurative meaning of a narrow escape from danger.

5. GOLDEN CALF OF BAAL. Pecksniff here, in his anxiety to appear at the same time learned as well as religious, mixed up the story of the golden calf as related in Exodus and Deuteronomy, with that of the worshippers of Baal in the First Book of Kings.

Chapter XI

1. FROG'S HORNPIPE. A kind of hornpipe in which there is a good deal of stooping and kicking out. Rather a boisterous dance for indoors.

2. DEVIL QUOTES SCRIPTURE. The original of this is to be found in Shakespeare:

"The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

"Merchant of Venice," Act I, Sc. 3.

3. STEAM GUN. A gun, the propulsive power of which was steam, was sufficiently a novelty at the time Dickens was writing for him to use it as an apt simile. Steam guns never achieved practical use.

4. ARM TO EACH COUSIN. The custom formerly prevailing was always to escort a lady by giving her an arm. Dickens lays great stress on this in all his stories.

5. NICE FLATS. Flat as contrasted with sharp is a greenhorn, a fool, or one easy to dupe. The word has been current since the middle of the eighteenth century. It appears in the "Ingoldsby Legends," by R. H. Barham (1841):

"He gammons all the flats."

6. OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS. Not by any means a recent adage. Ray, in his collection of Proverbs (1678) includes it.

7. EARNS HIS SALT. A reference to the custom in the Roman Empire of making the soldiers an allowance (*salarium*: hence our word salary) to purchase salt, on which a duty was imposed. So to earn one's salt is to be worthy of one's pay.

8. GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE. One of the Irish Melodies by Thomas Moore (1779-1852).

9. ALL HAIL TO THE VESSEL. A very free parody, worthy of Silas Wegg, of Sir Walter Scott's song to which the music was written by Sir H. R. Bishop :

" Hail to the chief who in triumph advances
Honoured and blessed be the evergreen Pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line ! "
" The Lady of the Lake."

It will be noted that Dickens has even taken liberties with the metre.

10. GOING INTO TOP BOOTS. Mr. Bailey meant that he had aspirations to exchange the drudgery of Mrs. Todgers's for the profession of postilion or some other calling in which top-boots were worn.

11. BANDBOX. Originally a flattish round box made of chip or cardboard, for the " bands " or ruffs fashionable in the seventeenth century. Now used for millinery or hats.

12. RETICULE. A handbag originally made of netted, that is reticulated work.

CHAPTER XII

1. TOWERS OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL. Salisbury Cathedral has, as is well known, only a single central spire, and no towers.

2. WHAT THE POET SAYS. Alexander Pope (1688-1744) in the " Essay on Man " :

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."

3. I'LL GO TO AMERICA. Martin's notion of going to America had apparently been put into his head by John Westlock : " an impulse I often had . . . of going abroad in search of the livelihood I couldn't have earned at home." Dickens himself had felt the urge to visit America some years before his first visit to the United States in 1842 ; in *Pickwick Papers* the inventor of the Celebrated Sassage machine threatened to go to 'Merriker, and Tony Weller wanted to get Mr. Pickwick out of the Fleet Prison in " a pianner " in which " there ain't no vurks " and ship him off to 'Merriker, so that when he came back he could " write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more if he blows 'em up enough."

CHAPTER XIII

1. BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA. A romance by Alain René Lesage (1668-1742) author of Gil Blas, of which Le Bachelier de Salamanque forms the final part.

2. SHARP PORCUPINE, REPROACHFUL TRUTH. A novel application of the proverb that " the sting of a reproach is its truth " from Thomas Fuller's " Gnomologica : Adagies and Proverbs " (1732).

2. LITTLE ROADSIDE ALEHOUSE. Walter Dexter in " The England of Dickens " (1925) conjectures that this wayside inn was near Andover.

3. PRODIGAL SON . . . IN RED RAGS. A series of (German) coloured pictures similar to this is noticed in *David Copperfield* (Ch. III) but there the subjects were Abraham in red, Isaac in blue, Daniel in yellow among green lions. As an appropriate colour for animals the German taste seems a little unorthodox as even in this series the calf is sea-green.

4. TILT A LITTLE OPEN. The tilt of a waggon is the canvas covering stretched over a wooden framework, the back double curtain of which is drawn a little way.

5. DIGNITY OF THE REGULAR BOX. That is, a proper appointment as a coach-driver and not a man who does occasional jobs. The driver's seat is called a box because it contains the tools required to deal with incidental repairs on the road.

6. ALE, COLUMBIA. The title and the opening words of the American patriotic song :

" Hail ! Columbia, happy land,
Hail ! ye heroes, Heav'n-born band ! "

The words are by Dr. Joseph Hopkinson and the music is that of the "President's March."

7. PUBLIC LINE OR FREE-AND-EASY WAY. The coach-driver evidently associated chorus-singing in America with the informal concerts, commonly known as " free-and-easies " held at English public houses.

8. STARTED OFF FOR LONDON. Martin did not get a night's rest; he arrived at Hounslow at midnight, walked to London 10 miles, say three hours, and was at Adelphi by seven or thereabouts, having been on his feet all the time.

9. TWENTY-SIX-AND-A-HALF B: LODGER. The elaborate numbering shews that it was a common lodging-house; the doorpost would have a series of bell-handles arranged one above the other like the stopknobs of a church organ.

10. MANNER OF A PIEMAN. The itinerant piemen of the last century (one of whom is figured by Seymour in his illustration of Mr. Pickwick's first adventure) were notoriously addicted to gambling with their customers as an incentive to youths to purchase their wares. It will be remembered that in *Dombey and Son* Rob the Grinder took the half-crown tip that Miss Tox has given him and "tossed it away with a pieman."

11. STEM STUDDED WITH PEGS. A stout rod like a broom-handle, carried over the shoulder. It would hold a dozen or more beer-pots.

12. SACRED BARD. A direct reference to David and to Psalm XXXVII, Verse 25.

13. NOT SEALED. The customary method of fastening letters was a wafer impressed with a seal. If Martin's letter was gummed or pasted down it contained something out of the ordinary—something important.

14. PIOUS FRAUD. A fraud with some pious object was considered to be pious. At one time believed in, it is doubtful if even now it is quite extinct. Sound ethics postulates that there can be no "pious" frauds; all are impious. But, for certain, Mark wanted to give Martin moral support.

15. AS LIEVE. Willingly: usually spelt lief. An Anglo-Saxon word meaning agreeable.

16. SCREW LOOSE. Figuratively used for something wrong in thought or purpose. It is of comparatively modern currency; in 1810 the Sporting Magazine, reporting a race meeting says: "The others had got a screw loose." Dickens uses the phrase in *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XLIX in the story of the Bagman's uncle, "something dark and mysterious was going forward . . . there was a screw loose somewhere."

CHAPTER XIV

1. CLOCK AT HORSE GUARDS. Before the erection of the clock (Big Ben) at Westminster in 1858, the clock at the Horse Guards in Whitehall, built in 1753, was the standard time accepted by the citizens.

CHAPTER XV

1. COLDER THAN CHARITY. Nothing can be colder than an unsympathetic or unwilling gift, although the word charity means love. Sir Thomas Browne in Religio Medici (1642) says: "'Tis the general complaint that charity grows cold" and Theodore Hook gives the proverb its modern form in Jack Brag (1837): 'The wind blows about one and I'm as cold as charity.'"

2. VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD. This well-known ethical saying is found in many authors from Matthew Prior (1664-1721) in Imitations of Horace, and onwards.

3. LINE-OF-PACKET SHIP. A packet ship is one used for carrying mails and parcels as well as general cargo and passengers; a line-of-packet ship is therefore one of a fleet belonging to one firm of ship-owners and flying a house-flag.

4. YOUNG IMPEDIMENTS. A rather shocking and derogatory word for a family of young children; taken from the current advertisements of houses that let lodgings, the owners of which regarded children as a nuisance: *e.g.*: "Nice rooms to let furnished; suitable for a married couple; no impediments." Sometimes the word encumbrances is used.

5. MACHINERY ON DECK. The "Screw" is a fictional picture of the Britannia in which Dickens had crossed the Atlantic. It was a paddle-boat and would have a certain amount of machinery shewing above the level of the main deck.

CHAPTER XVI

1. LOCOFOCO. An American word for lucifer match; its political application, in the picturesque American way, arose from a meeting held in

New York in 1834; to close an unruly meeting, the chairman had the lights extinguished; the audience immediately took their locofocos from their pockets and relighted the gas in order to continue the discussion.

2. HOPE . . . THE NURSE OF YOUNG DESIRE. Adapted from a line in "Love in a Village," by Isaac Bickerstaff (1735-1787):

"Hope! thou nurse of young desire."

3. JALOUSIE BLINDS. From French *jaloux*, jealous. A venetian blind of slats or laths so set louvre-wise as to obtain ventilation, combined with security from prying eyes.

4. SIAMESE TWINS. A monstrosity of twin boys, named Eng and and Chang, born of a Chinese mother in Siam, 1811. Their bodies were joined by a band of flesh stretching from the breast-bone of one twin to the same place of the other. Exhibited in America in 1839; paid two visits to England. They were married and had offspring; died within three hours of each other in 1874.

5. FIRST LAW OF NATURE. The Greek historian Diogenes Laertius (A.D. 200) seems to have originated the saying: "An animal's first impulse is self-preservation." John Downe (1573-1631), John Dryden (1631-1700), and Samuel Butler (1612-1680), all give it in its accepted modern form: "Self-preservation is the first Law of Nature."

6. SEVENTH HEAVEN. According to the Cabalistic writers there were seven heavens, each increasing a further degree in happiness; the seventh being the abode of God and the highest class of angels.

7. FRANKLIN. An impressive list of somewhat cynical philosophers: Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), Decimus Junius Juvenal (60-140), and Dean Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

8. TRAVELLER OF HONOURED NAME. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet (1779-1852). Appointed registrar of the Admiralty Court in Bermuda in September, 1803, he found the work uncongenial and very soon retired after finding a deputy. He toured the United States and Canada before returning to England in October, 1804. Moore, rather a dandy, was disappointed in the half-polished half-barbarous life inseparable from a newly-settled country, and wrote a poem "To the Honourable W. R. Spencer, from Buffalo upon Lake Erie," in which occur the lines quoted by Dickens:

"Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song . . .
Oh! but for such, Columbia's day were done;" etc., etc.

Mr. H. U. Felleman, editor of "Notes and Answers" in the "New York Times Book Review," has very kindly furnished the material on which this note is based.

CHAPTER XVII

1. THE MAN IN GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY. This is Jarvis in "The Good-natured Man" (1768):

"Don't talk ill of my master, Madam, I won't bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself." (Act IV).

2. NIMROD. The mighty hunter; what an epithet for the mildest of tuft-hunters!

3. SANG IN ALL LANGUAGES. Except their own; the inclusion of Swiss is a slip, as the official languages spoken in Switzerland are German, French and Italian.

4. £4 10*s.* 0*d.* Martin's fare to New York seems very low compared with the cost of a passage in the present century, when the pre-war fare was at the lowest, about £18.

5. GO FARTHER . . . FARE WORSE. This saying which occurs in literature, is of very ancient use. It is included by J. Heywood in his "Proverbs" (1546): "And might haue gone further and haue faren wurs." Many later examples could be cited.

6. SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY. Mark's cheerfulness cannot help breaking out. After all the pair had gone through, consider the full passage of which his remark is the conclusion: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. VI, 34.

7. TOUCH OF THE 'PHOBY. Mark's application of 'phoby, *i.e.* hydrophobia, an antipathy to water, is quite in keeping with his comical outlook.

8. BOOTJACK. A short board with a crotch to hold the heel of a boot to assist in taking it off. Recently the writer saw one being used as a door-stop.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. BRITANNIA METAL SPOONS. A metallic alloy that takes a fairly bright polish simulating silver for those who cannot afford the real article.

2. CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. A very old saying. Bishop Sanderson writes in one his Sermons (1627): "Am I not a child of the same Adam; a chip of the same block with him?" It is also to be found in Milton, and Burke accused William Pitt of being a chip of the old block.

CHAPTER XIX

1. CABRIOLET. Now abbreviated to cab. The successor in street transport of the hackney coach. The word is French and its proper pronunciation was attempted by Mr. Raddle in *Pickwick Papers* (Chapter XLVI): "cabrioily."

2. KINGSGATE STREET. A short street that disappeared when Kingsway was constructed in 1900-1905. Southampton Row now covers the site.

3. HOLBORN STONES. The roadway of Holborn, as was the case with so many London thoroughfares, used to be paved with stone setts; these were succeeded by macadam, then wood-blocks, and now the surface is asphalt.

4. CURSE PRONOUNCED ON ADAM. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Gen. III, 19. The ceremony expressed in two words is probably "laying out," but Mrs. Gamp's allusions are so vague and verbose that it is difficult to follow her.

5. DREW THE WATER. Some cage-birds such as redpoles and goldfinches can be trained to draw their water in a little bucket from a vessel below the level of the perch. (See also Chapter XLIX, Note 8).

6. PROFESSIONAL PRINT. A facetious but pointed reference to the hairdressers' advertisements of the period. It may be compared with Dickens's description of a valentine in *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XXXIII.

7. PATTENS . . . GAME OF QUOITS. The iron shoe of pattens being round would imprint on Pecksniff's legs ring-like marks.

8. FETCH AND GHOST. One's fetch is an exact replica of oneself.

9. MUTES. Guards who stood, without uttering a word to anyone, with bowed heads, one on each side of the doorway of the house of mourning. The whole of the chapter gives a vivid description of the gruesome pageantry of the funeral in former days. Dickens had a positive horror of all the show and inveighs against it in his will; such was his detestation of it that he again describes it in full in *Great Expectations* (Chapter XXXV) at the obsequies of Mrs. Gargery.

10. LAMENTED THEATRICAL POET. Shakespeare, of course:

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
> "As You Like It," Act II, Sc. I.

11. TARE AND TRET. One of the trials of the school-boy in arithmetic. The term represents deductions made from the gross weight of a parcel; tare being the weight of the case or wrapping, and tret the allowance for waste or damage in transit. The practice of allowing tret has now almost disappeared.

12. REAL OLD BRIGHTON TIPPER. A specially flavoured ale that owes its name to the man who first brewed it, Thomas Tipper of Brighton.

13. CLOAKS. These elongated capes reached as far as the knees and had a velvet collar tied at the neck with a silken cord. They were very elegant and becoming, but have long ceased to be worn. The cloak was also called a talma, from Fras. Jos. Talma, the French tragedian (1763-1826), who introduced classic costumes on the stage. The talma is a modification of the Roman toga.

CHAPTER XX

1. MY STAFF AND MY SCRIP. The staff and scrip was the traditional outfit of a pilgrim or palmer, the scrip being a small wallet.

2. BRASS FOOTMAN. A stand, on four feet, for holding a kettle or a dish before the fire; also applied to a stand for luggage.

3. UPSTAIRS TO THE PARLOUR. According to the description of Pecksniff's house in Chapter V the parlour was on the ground floor and not upstairs.

4. GORGON. As a Gorgon was a female monster of terrifying aspect whose gaze turned to stone the person on whom she turned her eyes, one can visualise Pecksniff and Tom vis-à-vis.

CHAPTER XXI

1. CATAWAMPUS. Anglicé vermin.

2. DO AT ROME AS ROMANS DO. From the story of St. Ambrose Bishop of Milan (A.D. 374) who was asked for advice by St. Monica: "At Rome they fast on Saturday, but not at Milan; which practice ought to be observed?" His reply was: "When I am at Milan I dine, as they do at Milan; but when I go to Rome I do as Rome does."

3. SAVINGS BANK. Mark's money would of course be in one of the voluntary associations, the first of which was established in 1799. The Post Office Savings Bank was not established till 1862.

4. HAMMERS IN A HARPSICHORD. Dickens means a pianoforte. A harpsichord has no hammers, the strings being plucked by quills, harp-fashion; hence the name.

5. A GREAT PLAN. There seems to be some confusion about this plan; it "occupied one whole side of the office," so one concludes that it was hung on the wall. But presently Scadder stuck his toothpick into the weather-cock on the top of the market place and "blew the dust off the roof of the theatre" neither of which could he do on a *plan*, although he might if it had been a model Eden on a table. Later Scadder "set his back against the plan"; later still it is called "a drawing" at which he made a "dart, leaving his knife quivering in the wall." Here the puzzle must be left and the reader must decide for himself whether the projected city of Eden was a plan or perspective drawing hanging on the wall, or a model occupying the whole of one side of the office.

6. DEATH AND THE LADY. The illustration "at the top of the old ballad" was a figure with a line running centrally through it from head to heel; on one side was half a clothed female form and on the other side half a skeleton. The song appeared in the Cobbler's Opera (see Chappell's "Old English Popular Music," 1893). Included by its composer Henry Carey (?-1743) in his "Musical Century in One Hundred Ballads . . . calculated for innocent conversation, mirth and instruction." Under which category the ballad would nowadays be classed must be judged from the first verse:

DEATH: Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride.
Take leave of ev'ry carnal vain delight:
I've come to summon you away this night.
LADY: What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know,
From whence you come, and whither I must go?
Shall I who am a lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?

7. PUBLIC MAN IN IRELAND. Daniel O'Connor (1775-1847) who advocated the abolition of slavery.

8. WIVES OF PETER WILKINS. "The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins," written in 1751 by R. Paltock (1677-1767) an attorney of Clements Inn. Shipwrecked in the Antarctic, Peter met there the winged race of Glums and Gawries, one of whom he married.

9. MEN OF LARGE STATURE . . . OF CORNWALL. This is probably an allusion to Blunderbore, Cormoran and Galligantus in the nursery tale of Jack the Giant Killer. For the slaughter of Cormoran Jack received from King Arthur a belt inscribed:

"This is the valiant Cornishman
That slew the giant Cormoran."

CHAPTER XXII

1. HONOURABLE MR. MILLER. The promotion of Joe Miller of the Jest-Book (1739) is characteristic.

2. CAIN A MYSTERY. Lord Byron (1786-1824) wrote this dramatic poem in 1821.

3. GRIMALDI. Joseph Grimaldi, the celebrated clown (1779-1837) His Memoirs were edited by Dickens.

4. SIDDONS. Sarah Siddons, England's greatest tragic actress, was Miss Kemble, born 1755, married William Siddons a fellow actor, in 1773; died 1831.

6. MODERN GRACCHI. Gracchus was the name of a Roman family from which came several prominent citizens. The famous Gracchi brothers were Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus (168-133 B.C.) and Caius Sempronius Gracchus (197-121 B.C.). Both were devoted to the cause of the poor and both died violent deaths. Their excellent mother was the daughter of Scipio Africanus and her tomb bore the inscription: "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi."

6. ORSON. In the romance Orson was born in a forest, was brought up by a bear and grew up rough and uncouth.

7. TEMPLE OF GLASS. An allusion to a well-known saying attributed to King James I. Buckingham complained to the King that the Scotchmen had smashed the windows of his mansion. As Buckingham had started the feud by stoning the Scots' windows the King's comment was: "Steenie, Steenie, those wha live in glass hooses suld be carefu' how they fling stanes."

CHAPTER XXIII

1. CHARON. Son of Erebus and Nox; he ferried the shades of the buried dead across the Styx to the Elysian Fields. The fare had previously been paid by relatives who placed an obolus in the mouth of the dead person.

2. GIANT DESPAIR. Lived in Doubting Castle: in the "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan (1628-1688).

3. EDEN. This pestilential place is said to be Cairo at the junction of the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi. Dickens's impression of Cairo is in "American Notes," Chapter XII, and should be compared with the picture of Eden.

4. AMBROSIA. The food of the Gods; also a fragrant salve to enhance beauty.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. SEVEN SLEEPERS. The sixth century legend is that seven Christian youths of Ephesus walled up by their persecutors in a cave near the city went to sleep for two hundred years.

2. DUTCH DROPS. The recipe given by Messrs. A. and J. Warren of Bristol in "Notes and Queries," 1892, is "Common Dutch Drops (*Balsam sulphuric turbinthinatum*) flor. sulph. 4 oz., ol. terebinth. 8 oz; dissolve." It is said to have been prepared at Haarlem in 1698, where its present manufacturer is a descendant of the original compounder.

3. SCOT AND LOT. An old legal term for all parochial assessments; scot means tribute, and lot allotment according to the means of the tenant.

CHAPTER XXV

1. BODILESS CHERUBS. A facetious reference to the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) of five cherubs' heads. The picture is catalogued in the National Gallery as "Heads of Angels," and presents studies in five different positions of Frances Isabella, the daughter of Lord William Gordon; "the most perfect achievement in child portraiture that art has produced." (Sir E. J. Poynter, Bt., P.R.A.)

2. WOODPECKER TAPPING. The variation humorously made by Mrs. Mould as applicable to her husband's profession is the only joke she is ever recorded to have made. The correct words of the song (words by Thomas Moore, music by M. Kelly) run:

> "Ev'ry leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound
> But the woodpecker tapping the hollow *beech* tree."

3. DOE AND ROE. John Doe and Richard Roe are fictitious petitioners' names to save certain "niceties of law." (See Notes to *Dombey and Son*, in *Dickensian*, 1943, page 36).

4. TOSS OR BUY FOR KIDNEY ONES. Kidney ones (pies) were something special as they were not always obtainable. The best guide to these dainties is Sam Weller in *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XIX: "Cats ain't in season till

the winter . . . Fruit is in, cats is out ; it's the seasonin' as does it. I season's 'em for beefsteak, weal or kidney accordin' to the demand. I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any of 'em a mutton at a moment's notice just as the market changes and appetites wary. And the pies was beautiful." For " Toss or buy " see Chapter XIII, Note 11.

5. BULL IN HOLBORN. The original of this inn was the Black Bull, close to Furnival's Inn ; it was demolished to make room for an extension of Gamage's premises about 1904. The sign was preserved and removed, most appropriately, to the residence of the late Sir Wiliam Bull at Hammersmith. An illustration of the old inn was reproduced in *The Dickensian*, 1933, but the " parrapidge " is not shown.

6. CAMELS AND NEEDLES. Another good example of Dickens's faculty for using, without irreverence, a garrulous old woman's perversion of a scriptural reference.

7. SLIME DRAUGHT. Such a medicine sounds distasteful and repellent. but many of the medicines administered to sufferers were very nauseous, A slime draught was probably some sticky concoction of a soothing nature for a restless patient.

8. FIRE-BOX. The little box for the tinder in the days of flint and steel ; before the days of matches.

9. RUSHLIGHT. An ordinary " dip " candle with a peeled rush instead of a cotton wick. It stood in a shallow dish of water and was surrounded by a perforated tin shade for safety although it gave only a very dim light ; " like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water " (*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XXII).

10. ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE. Mrs. Gamp only took this charming little nursery rhyme sufficiently far to apply to her occupation of fire-lighting. It is worth while to give the complete poem :

" One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, knock at the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, a good fat hen,
Eleven, twelve, who shall delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen, maid's a-courting,
Fifteen, sixteen, maid's in kitchen,
Seventeen, eighteen, maid's a-waiting,
Nineteen, twenty, I'm very empty."

Note.—There are variations of the last five lines. It will be noticed that, like many of the early nursery rhymes, there is a story to tell : of the preparation of a meal, interrupted by a love episode.

CHAPTER XXVI

1. SHAVES ALL COMERS. Poll Sweedlepipe's charges were low compared with modern standards, and recall that Arkwright (1732-1792) of cotton-spinning fame, started life as a barber in a basement apartment. To vie with his rivals he put up a notice that he shaved for a penny ; when the other barbers reduced their charge to that level, he repainted his notice : " Come to the subterraneous barber ; he shaves for a half-penny."

2. LEG AND THREE-QUARTERS IN THE GRAVE. A characteristic Dickensian variant of the more usual " one foot in the grave," a saying that goes back to Roman times. It was used first by the Roman Emperor Julian (331-363) " The Apostate." He was an earnest student and said he would learn something even if he had one foot in the grave.

3. WINGS OF LOVE. Proverbially swift, a figure of speech that is expressed in Shakespeare's unapproachable manner in " The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II, Sc. 2 : " I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions."

(To be continued)

A DRAMATIC version of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, will be performed at Broadstairs on October 4th and 5th. Gladys Waterer, who has already several plays from Dickens to her credit, has made an entirely new adaptation which will be produced by Frank Douglas, the Caleb Plummer of the occasion.

PICKWICK MAKES HIS STAGE DÉBUT

By MALCOLM MORLEY

IN a quiz column in "The Stage," recently, the question was asked, "What was the first play founded on a book by Dickens?" The answer given was "The Peregrinations of Pickwick," by W. L. Rede at the Adelphi in 1836. As one interested in theatrical chronology, and particularly in reference to Dickens (for did I not, many years ago, make my first appearance on a real London stage with the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society?), I felt that investigation could go further. Adair Fitz-Gerald's book "Dickens and the Drama," in many ways a useful compilation, is, here and there, a trifle loose with regard to dates, and when it is a matter of dates, a month, a week, or even a day counts if strict accuracy is the *desideratum*.

Mr. Malcolm Morley, author of this article, the well known theatrical producer now Director of the Oxford Repertory Co., as Dick Swiveller in the Dickens Fellowship production of the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

Perhaps a story from *Sketches by Boz* cannot be styled a book, but actually the first adaptation from Dickens was taken from one of these, and Boz himself was the adaptor. From his own "The Great Winglebury Duel," he made a two-act farce, or burletta, as it was then termed, to conform with the Lord Chamberlain's dictates regarding dramatic pieces outside the scope of the so-called legitimate drama. This was "The Strange Gentleman," which was produced at the St. James's Theatre on September 29th, 1836. J. P. Harley, the comedian, with whom the novelist was very friendly, played the strange gentleman.

But it is only fair to "The Stage" quiz to regard the *Pickwick Papers* as the first *book*, and this was certainly dramatised before any other of Dickens's full-sized works. The immortal Pickwick made his first appearance in monthly numbers, the first issue being dated April, 1836. Considerably before the tale had completed its course, the characters were taken from the monthly numbers and placed on the stage in various plays, stated to have been taken from the publication, all without so much as a "by your leave" to the author.

The very first of these presumed adaptations was used in the opening bill of the City of London Theatre in Norton Folgate, under the management of Cockerton, who had formerly been connected with the Olympic. On Monday, March 27th, 1837, the new playhouse rang up the curtain on "The Pickwick Club, or The Age we live in," a dramatisation by Edward Stirling, the husband of the more famous Mrs. Stirling, an actress of great renown in the London theatre. Jingle was played by Macarthy, Sam Weller by J. Wilkinson, and Pickwick by W. H. Williams. Wrench, Mrs. Rivers and Mrs. Emden, wife of the stage manager, were also in the cast. Being produced before the serialisation was completed, the play did not altogether accord with the chapters yet to come.

Following "The Pickwick Club," in the same evening was "The Ancestress, or, The Doom of Barostein," a heavy-weight two-act drama

by Mark Lemon, the future editor of "Punch." The entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks.

The second version to reach the stage was that by William Leman Rede, "The Peregrinations of Pickwick, or, Boz-i-a-na," at the Adelphi, described as an original serio-comic burletta in three acts; the date, Monday, April 3rd, 1837. The play contained a great deal that was not Dickens—the element of variety spun the performance out to a late hour—Mrs. Fitzwilliam acted an Irish girl named Norah, brought into the piece, and warbled a song all in praise of Killarney. T. D. Rice, the American comedian, celebrated for his *darky* impersonations, was also introduced and sung the ditty, the big song hit of the time, "Jump Jim Crow."

Completely unknown to Boz was the character of Clutchley, a miser who advanced loans at 27% to Snodgrass. Snodgrass, by the way, was played by Stirling, perpetrator of the City of London adaptation. The more genuine Pickwickians included Mr. Pickwick himself, and the manager, Frederick Yates, padded himself for the rôle; Old Weller was played by Saunders, a long-term actor at the Adelphi; and Jingle, in which part the unctuous comedian Buckstone was definitely miscast. Wardle was represented by Cullenford, and Rachel Wardle by Mrs. Young. The thread of interest, and a very slender one at that, was woven into Miss Wardle's elopement with the fortune-hunting Jingle. There was a muchness of Joe, acted by Dunn, the philosophies of the Wellers, father and son, and the predicaments of Pickwick who, sprawled in a barrow, shared the climax of the second act with a live donkey. John Reeve, the Adelphi favourite, was miscast as Sam.

Neither Stirling's nor Rede's versions of the *Pickwick Papers* endured for long. It was the next and third stage use of that story that was to achieve a measure of success. This was "Sam Weller, or, The Pickwickians," by the blind dramatist W. T. Moncrieff, given at the old Strand Theatre on the following July 10th. The version was long and diffuse, but it introduced some of the most entertaining pages of the story; the Eatanswill election, the Bardell-Pickwick episode, and the boarding school elopement. The success was largely due to the acting, the characters being much better cast than in the previous adaptations. Henry Hall as old Weller, and A. Younge as Pickwick were particularly well suited. J. Lee, as Jingle, gave more flourish and gesture to the part than ever Buckstone could have done. But the triumph of the occasion was the Sam Weller of W. J. Hammond, lessee of the theatre. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that he was the brother-in-law of Douglas Jerrold of "Caudle Curtain-Lectures" fame. Hammond was the pert, philosophising Cockney, expressive in feature and dialectics. His performance had the true spirit of Dickens. Mrs. Hammond acted Isabella Wardle, and Ellen Daly, leading lady at the theatre, was Emily Wardle.

The piece remained in the bill at the Strand until the end of the season, on October 12th, a long run in those days. When a new season began on April 16th of the following year a second edition of "Sam Weller" was foremost in the programme. The cast was virtually the same as before, but a notable change was that F. Salter replaced Hall as old Weller. The play had been revised to conform more with the later monthly numbers of the work.

After the resumed run had ended, Moncrieff provided manager Hammond with a sequel, "Sam Weller's Tour, or The Pickwickians in France," produced on Monday, June 25th, 1838. There was nothing of Boz in this sequel, though there might have been something of G. W. M. Reynolds, the hack novelist, who was issuing in serial form instalments of a book, "Pickwick Abroad," purporting to be a continuation of Dickens's story.

Actually, the plot of Moncrieff's sequel was one he had used before. Some sixteen years earlier he had dramatised Pierce Egan's "Life in London" and the result had been the sensationally successful "Tom and Jerry," at the Adelphi. In 1824 he carried on the adventures of the characters of this play in another, "Green in France." Everything that happened to the people in "Green in France" happened to the *dramatis personæ* in "Sam Weller's Tour." The husbands take a trip to Paris; the wives follow them, assume various disguises and fool their spouses to the top of their bent. They meet them as grisettes and the men make love to them; they meet them as young officers and challenge them to duels. Nothing could be more the same, including the humours of sea-sickness when crossing in the channel packet.

The Pickwickians abroad are Snodgrass, Winkle and Sam Weller. All are now married and their wives, by virtue of the disguises, put their affections to the test. Sam is the only one of the three with any show of constancy to his wedded partner. They all return to London to see the coronation of Queen Victoria, which event loomed large in the concluding act. Hammond, Salter and Younge were again Sam, old Weller and Pickwick. Jingle was absent from the play and Lee appeared as Bob Sawyer, full of assurance and bluster. Like the majority of sequels, it was more or less a failure.

The Wellers, father and son, had not done with the Strand theatre. On August 10th, 1840, was produced there a one-act piece, "Mr. Weller's Watch, or, The Time o' Day." For the third time Salter played old Weller. There was a new Sam Weller in Howard, and Mrs. Norton was seen as Miss Benton. Boz by this time, was completely lost sight of in this trifle of anonymous authorship.

These notes relate only to the earliest appearances of the Pickwickians; to record their further peregrinations on the stage would require an extensive catalogue, extending to grand opera and an elaborate production in Russian, staged in Moscow.

May not the next entry be a performance to be given by a revived Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society?

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

One Hundred Pounds.—Manchester Branch (second donation).
Thirty Pounds.—Bromley Branch.
Twenty-five Pounds.—Southend Branch. M. Le Comte de Suzannet.
Fifteen Guineas.—Mr. Leslie C. Staples (10 gns. per the B.B.C., Television Dept., 5 gns. per "British Book News.")
Nine Pounds.—Preston Branch.
Five Pounds.—Anon., Mr. George Rathbone.
Three Guineas.—Rugby Branch.
Two Pounds, Five Shillings.—Mr. Y. Hawkes (Birmingham).
Two Guineas.—Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. Mr. W. H. Lowry.
One Pound, Thirteen Shillings.—Mr. C. H. Blackford (Redditch).
One Pound, Five Shillings.—A new member of Headquarters who has much enjoyed the meetings.
One Pound, Four Shillings and Ninepence.—Mr. Sidney K. Eastwood, Mrs. H. R. Fell, Mrs. D. G. Fowler, Mrs. H. J. Hill, Mr. John G. Howard, Miss Bertha M. Rogers—all of Pittsburgh Branch.
One Guinea.—Miss F. E. Dickinson.
One Pound.—Mr. W. A. Davis. Mrs. Hudson (Rugby).
Half Guinea.—Mrs. A. M. Dawson. Miss Edith Storey.
Ten Shillings.—Mr. F. S. Baker (Birmingham), Mr. Johnson, Jnr., and Mr. Sam Johnson, both of Manchester Branch.
Nine Shillings and Ninepence.—Miss Jane Holliday and Mrs. Fairman, both of Pittsburgh Branch.
Nine Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss M. C. Shelton. **Total to date, £823 6s. 1d.**

SOME DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPORTED . . .

By Mrs. GWEN MAJOR

(*Continued from page* 129)

THIS survey is designed to record the damage inflicted by enemy air-attack during the war of 1939-45, on all London buildings having Dickensian associations but no reference is made to those unharmed during that war, to sites of buildings demolished before that date or to any that were damaged or destroyed by other means than enemy air attack.

KEY.

B.U.	Building Unidentified.	DES.	Fragments only of the original building remaining, which may be restored or ultimately cleared away.
S.D.	Slight Damage.		
D.	Damaged.		
B.D.	Badly Damaged.		
DEM.	Demolished and site cleared.	W.S.	Walls Standing.

TALE OF TWO CITIES

KING'S BENCH WALK, THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Sydney Carton could still "revive himself" here before turning into Stryver's Chambers, providing these were not on the N.E. side, where one block is an empty shell. *Condition*—D.

10 CARLISLE STREET, SOHO, W.—The quiet lodgings of Dr. Manette were in a quiet street not far from Soho Square, and are generally supposed to have been in this house. *Condition*—DEM.

CLERKENWELL, E.C.—Mr. Jarvis Lorry "walked along the sunny streets of Clerkenwell, where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor" (Manette). *Condition*—Area B.D.

OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCH, N.—Where Roger Cly was buried and where Jerry Cruncher and his son later came "fishing"—with a spade! *Condition*—B.D., W.S.

TURNHAM GREEN, W.—Where the Lord Mayor of London was made to "stand and deliver." *Condition*—Area D.

ST. ANNE'S, SOHO, W.—Some think this is where Lucie Manette and Darnay were married. See "A Dickens Dictionary," by Philip and Gadd. *Condition*—DES., tower standing.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

LIMEHOUSE, E.—Much of the story is laid here. *Condition*—Area B.D.

RATCLIFFE, E.—"By the docks . . ." in this neighbourhood was Lizzie's home. *Condition*—Area B.D.

OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.—Walter Dexter, in "The London of Dickens," says "somewhere in this neighbourhood" Bradley Headstone's school stood. *Condition*—Area B.D.

CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.—". . . not far from Cavendish Square, a man with a wooden leg sat for some years, with his remaining foot in a basket in cold weather," *i.e.* Silas Wegg. Near here was the Boffin mansion. *Condition*—D.

CLERKENWELL, E.C.—Mr. Venus lived in "a narrow and dirty street" here. *Condition*—Area B.D.

PORTMAN SQUARE, W.—"The Podsnaps lived in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. They were . . . certain to dwell in the shade, wherever they dwelt." *Condition*—D.

DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.—It is still possible to locate a home for Twemlow, despite some damage and a good deal of dilapidation. *Condition*—S.D.

THE ALBANY, W.—"He lived in Chambers in the Albany, did Fledgeby, and maintained a spruce appearance." *Condition*—S.D.

SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.—Mr. and Mrs. Lammle's house was here, "but a temporary residence." *Condition*—D.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY, W.—Alfred Lammle married Sophronia here. *Condition*—DES., W.S.

BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.—Lady Tippins dwells over a staymaker's in the Belgravian Borders, with a life-size model in the window. . . ." *Condition*—D.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, SMITH SQUARE, S.W.—Bradley Headstone and Charley saw this "hideous church" on their way to Jenny Wren, who said of it that she would "cram 'em all in, and then I'd lock the door, and through the keyhole I'd blow pepper," referring to the children who tormented her. *Condition*—DES. W. and Tower S.

WESTMINSTER HALL, S.W.—Fascination Fledgeby tells Mr. Lammle of one examined here who would have done better to hold his tongue, as he was doing, to the latter's intense annoyance. *Condition*—D.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, E.C.—Rogue Riderhood might pull his "drowned cap" more closely over his ears and eyes if he passed here now and saw the horrible destruction, though he might not fully realise it if he passed the Norman entrance and had the sense to know that at least this precious part stands intact. *Condition*—B.D., W.S.

CHANCERY LANE, E.C.—Where John Rokesmith first saw Mr. Boffin. *Condition*—N.E. End B.D.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—Chapter 1 of Book III opens in a fog, when, in the varying shades of grey, brown and black, " the great dome of St. Paul's seemed to die hard."
Condition—D.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—Bella thought " how agreeable it would be to have an hour's gardening there. . . ."
Condition—D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—If Rumty Wilfer's old schoolmaster met him here he " might not have been able to withstand the temptation to cane him on the spot . . . so boyish were his curves. . . ."
Condition—Area B.D.

MINCING LANE, E.C.—Bella Wilfer would not recognise the " drug-flavoured " region, nor the fourth house next to Dunster Court where Rumty worked. If he could return, he would invoke the echoes in deadly earnest with his " my gracious me."
Condition—Almost DEM.

TRINITY HOUSE, TOWER HILL, E.C.—At the garden " up by Trinity House " Bella waited in her chariot while Rumty bought himself " the most beautiful suit of clothes."
Condition—DES., W.S.

ST. ALPHEGE, GREENWICH. " . . . the church porch, having swallowed up Bella Wilfer for ever and ever, had it not in its power to relinquish that young woman but slid into the happy sunlight Mrs. John Rokesmith instead."
Condition—DES., W.S., and S. Aisle now used for Services.

THE SHIP TAVERN, GREENWICH.—The " little room overlooking the river was delightful . . . . And then, as they sat looking at the ships and steamboats making their way to the sea with the tide that was running down, the lovely woman imagined all sorts of voyages for herself and Pa." And after the marriage " . . . the dinner was a crowning success, for what had the bride and bridegroom plotted to do, but to have and to hold that dinner in the very room of the very hotel where Pa and the lovely woman had once dined together. . . ."

It has not been definitely established that the Ship Tavern we knew before the war was where Bella, her Pa, and, later, her husband dined. See *The Dickensian*, 1943, p. 193.
Condition—DEM

BETHNAL GREEN, E.—" There's a rather difficult country about Bethnal Green," said Eugene. " And we have not taken in that direction lately."
Condition—Area B.D.

STEPNEY FIELDS, E. (now Green).—Wegg asks Mr. Boffin, " Would Stepney Fields be considered intrusive? If not remote enough, I can go remoter."
Condition—Area B.D.

BRENTFORD, W.—" The abode of Mrs. Betty Higden was . . . in such complicated back settlements of muddy Brentford. . . ."
Condition—D.

GREAT ORMONDE STREET HOSPITAL, W.C.—Where probably little Johnny died, with a kiss for the " boofer lady." " At the Children's Hospital, the Gallant Steed, The Noah's Ark, the Yellow Bird and the Officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child owner."
Condition—S.D.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.—Miss Abbey Potterson was thought by some of the " water-side heads " to be " named after, or in some way related to, the Abbey at Westminster."
Condition—D.

EDWIN DROOD

STAPLE INN, E.C.—" It is one of those nooks the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots. (And now, little but the plane trees and the " smoky sparrows " remain.)
Condition—Almost all DEM. Including Inner Quad and Hall. Elizabethan houses remain.

P ! The " set of chambers " . . . in which Mr. Grewgious sat " writing by his fire."
J T ! Dickens speculates whimsically about these letters over the door.
Condition—DEM.

TARTAR'S CHAMBERS.—" The Magic Bean Stalk Country ": " The top set in the house next the top set in the corner . . . No man-of-war was ever kept more spick and span . . . ."
Condition—DEM.

FALCON HOTEL, 8 FALCON SQUARE, ALDERSGATE, E.C.—perhaps the " . . . hybrid hotel in a little square behind Aldersgate Street, near the G.P.O., where John Jasper stayed."
Condition—DEM (and Square also).

ALDERSGATE, E.C.—See above.
Condition—Area B.D.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

ST. CLEMENT DANES, E.C.—Where Mrs. Lirriper was married.
Condition—DES., W.S.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, S.W.—Which is indicated in Chapter 3: " As we passed the garden wall of the Royal Palace going up Grosvenor Place. . . ."
Condition—B.D
(For *St. Clement Danes*, mentioned in Chapter 1, see above.)

MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

AMERICA SQUARE, E.C.—Place of business of Dringworth Brothers.
Condition—D.

Staple Inn Hall, photographed from the same point—

Before the war

After the bombing

Reproduced from *Hitler Passed This Way* by permission of *The Evening News*

GOING INTO SOCIETY.

PALL MALL, S.W.—Chops, the dwarf, had lodgings here and "blazed away" the lottery fortune. *Condition*—D.

HOLLY TREE.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Mentioned in the "First Branch." *Condition*—Area B.D.

WRECK OF THE "GOLDEN MARY."

POPLAR, E.—Where Mr. Ravender lived. *Condition*—Area B.D.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE CHIMES.

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, E.C.—Trotty Veck saw the old church, pulled down in 1830, but the clock and two giants on the old church were eventually set up again on the present one, which was completed in 1832.

Outside the church was Trotty's "beat."

Incidentally, the Tower drawn by Stanfield to illustrate the first edition of this book, published 1844, appears to be the present one. (The clock and giants are undamaged.) *Condition*—D.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

CHAMBERS.

BEDFORD ROW, W.C.—Where Chambers were full of "Solitude, Closeness and Darkness. . . ." *Condition*—D.

GRAY'S INN, W.C.—"I look upon Gray's Inn generally as one of the most depressing institutions in brick and motar. . . . My comfort is its rickety state. Imagination gloats over the fulness of time, when the staircases have quite tumbled down . . . when the last old prolix benchers . . . shall have been got out of an upper window by means of a Fire Ladder. . . ." *Condition*—B.D. Much DEM.

SOUTH SQUARE, W.C.—". . . Then, shall a squalid little trench . . . be wholly given up to cats and rats. . . . Then shall the way Nor' Westward . . . be choked with rubbish and happily become impassable. . . . Then shall the gardens . . . wear a legal livery of black . . . and pilgrims go . . . to see Bacon's effigy as he sat . . ." Dickens could not have thought how well his words would fit the Inn to-day. *Condition*—B.D. Almost DEM.

GRAY'S INN SQUARE, W.C.—"Suicidal set of Chambers. . . . Stronghold of Melancholy . . . . Sahara Desert of the law. . . ." but now no "To let, To let," for those which can be used are full, and those which cannot are "very much out of repair." *Condition*—Almost DEM. on three sides.

FIELD COURT, W.C.—The Uncommercial met "a lively leech" here. *Condition*—D.

GRAY'S INN LANE, W.C. (now Road) which the Uncommercial calls "the filthy Lane."—MRS. SWEENY, laundress, lived nearby, her dwelling facing "a dead wall in a court" off Gray's Inn Lane. (In those days the Lane ran from Theobalds Road to Holborn.) *Condition*—B.D.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Figures in the story of the man thought to be playing at Blind Man's Buff, which he was—with life and death. *Condition*—B.D. Much has been DEM.

STAPLE INN, W.C.—Classed with the "Shabby Crew." *Condition*—Almost DEM., including Inner Quad and Hall. Elizabethan houses facing Holborn remain.

PENTONVILLE, N.—Where the "younger of the two clerks (who, I have reason to believe, leads the fashion at Pentonville in the articles of pipes and shirts)" lives. *Condition*—D.

CITY OF LONDON CHURCHES.

MARK LANE, E.C.—"In the churches about Mark-lane . . . there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them." *Condition*—Almost DEM.

ROOD LANE, E.C., TO TOWER STREET, E.C.—An area where "there was often a subtle flavour of wine: sometimes, of tea." *Condition*—B.D.

MINCING LAND, E.C.—Where "one church near Mincing Lane smelt like a druggist's drawer." *Condition*—Almost DEM.

ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE, E.C.—Which the Uncommercial knew to be "the church of Milton's tomb." *Condition*—DES., W.S.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK, S.E. (now Southwark Cathedral).—"The Church of Gower's tomb."

(The tomb is not damaged.) *Condition*—D.

STATIONER'S HALL, E.C.—On the first Sunday, on his way by 'bus to the City Churches, the Uncommercial Traveller passed close to this Hall and tells how they had "put down a stouter and sweeter old lady" at a court nearby. *Condition*—DEM.

ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.—Where the "fierce-eyed spare old woman" was put down. *Condition*—B.D.

BANK OF ENGLAND.—He tells of the "personage" who takes the child of the "female gender" to church, and surmises he might have been "an old trader" who "might be seen at the Bank of England about Dividend Time." *Condition*—D

ARCADIAN LONDON.

BOND STREET, W.—The Uncommercial lodges at a hatter's here. Where "Mr. Truefitt, excellent hairdresser," and "Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumier," were (and still are) to be found. *Condition*—D.

SAVILLE ROW, W.—Where the Doctor's servant, "hard, dry man," became so changed in the "blest Arcadian time." "I have seen him seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the doorsteps of his own residence, across Saville Row, round by *Condition*—B.D.

CLIFFORD STREET, W., Clifford Street and Old Burlington Street. *Condition*—D.

BURLINGTON GARDENS, W., to Burlington Gardens." *Condition*—D.

BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.—"Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' shoe shops, the artificial flower repositories and the head-dress depots."

And here the Beadle's wife brings his dinner in a basin. *Condition*—B.D. N. end.

BROOK STREET, W.—Where "the hotels have no one in them. . . ." *Condition*—D.

PALL MALL, S.W.—Miss Klem, "ten years older" than her parents, also has a bed in the basement of the house in which the Uncommercial lodges for this Arcadian season, Mrs. Klem explaining "between her takin' care of the upper part in Pall Mall which the family of his back, and a 'ouse in Serjameses Street, which the family of leaves towng termorrer," it is necessary for her to be so accommodated for one night. *Condition*—D.

HARLEY STREET, W.—One of the "awful perspectives" where the Klem species, among other traits in common, refer to their male lodgers as "my good gentleman." *Condition*—B.D.

TRAVELLING ABROAD.

OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.—The Uncommercial Traveller makes a lively start, passing through west and south-west London, and then the Old Kent Road.—Area B.—out on to BLACKHEATH, S.E., Blackheath. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

NIGHT WALKS.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—The Uncommercial Traveller would walk about there, "bemoaning the present evil period" and giving "a thought to the treasure within . . . ." *Condition*—D.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, S.W.—He also soliloquises on this "stupendous institution," that it is "perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work." And then wandering in Old Palace Yard, ponders on the "unfortunate suitors" who were being kept "wretchedly awake."

(In his day the Law Courts were held in Westminster Hall, and until the new Law Courts in Fleet Street were opened in 1882.) *Condition*—D.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.—He finds the Abbey "fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour" on one of his riverside peregrinations. *Condition*—D.

CITY OF THE ABSENT.

ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET, E.C. (which the Uncommercial calls "St. Ghastly Grim").—"There is an attraction of repulsion for me in St. Ghastly Grim."

(The Grim Gateway is undamaged.) *Condition*—DES., W.S.

SHY NEIGHBOURHOODS.

BETHNAL GREEN, E.—Where the "two lords and ten ladies" lived "in the densest part." *Condition*—Area B.D.

HACKNEY ROAD, E.—Where the "reduced Batam family" lived, and were "incessantly at the pawnbrokers." *Condition*—Area B.D.

BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.—"The north wall of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon." *Condition*—B.D. in N. End.

THE ALBANY, W.—See above. *Condition*—S.D.

TWO VIEWS OF A CHEAP THEATRE.

BRITANNIA, SHOREDITCH, E.—Which the Uncommercial eulogises.

(Later converted into a cinema.) *Condition*—DEM.

WAPPING WORKHOUSE.

WHITECHAPEL CHURCH, E.—"My beat taking me past Whitechapel Church. . . ." *Condition*—B.D., W.S., and part of Tower.

TITBULL'S ALMS-HOUSES.

VINTNER'S ALMSHOUSES, MILE END ROAD, E.—Generally presumed to be "Titbull's," but this has been questioned. *Condition*—DES., W.S.

REFRESHMENTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

PECKHAM, S.E.—"Suffers more than a virtuous Peckham might be supposed to deserve . . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

DEPTFORD, S.E.—" . . . the howling neighbourhood of Deptford figures largely in the accounts of the ingenious gentlemen who are out in every wind that blows, and to whom it is an ill high wind that blows no good. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

WALWORTH, S.E.—" . . . but, there can hardly be any Walworth left by this time . . ." (how true !). *Condition*—Area B.D

REPRINTED PIECES

BILL STICKING.

CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.—Mentioned in this Piece. *Condition*—D.B.

THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

ST. BATHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, E.C.—In the butcher's story, " The stolen goods were sold at a little public house, near Smithfield, down by St. Bartholomew's." *Condition*—D.

ON DUTY WITH INSPECTOR FIELD.

GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C. (in the days of the story that part between Theobald's Road and Holborn was known as Gray's Inn Lane). Constable White shows Inspector Field and his visitor the lodging houses in Rotten Gray's Inn Lane. *Condition*—Area B.D.

OUT OF TOWN.

BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.—Here Dickens met " the last man—an ostler—sitting on a post in a ragged red waistcoat, eating straw and mildewing away." *Condition*—D.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH, E.—Mentioned in this Paper.
(Later converted into a cinema.) *Condition*—DEM.

VICTORIA THEATRE, S.E. (" Old Vic ").—Also mentioned in this Paper.
(Auditorium undamaged.) *Condition*—B.D.

THE BEST AUTHORITY.

PALL MALL, S.W.—In that portion of London Pall Mall is bounded . . . by the Senior United Service Club and on the west by the Carlton Club (*Condition*—DEM.) . . . one day upon the steps of the Athenaeum, of which eminent institution I have the honour to be a member . . . the pursuit and escape occurred at the Reform Club (*Condition*—D.) of which eminent institution likewise I have the honour to be a member . . . . "

GONE TO THE DOGS.

HAMMERSMITH, W.—Miss Maggigg has a " boarding establishment " here.
Condition—Area D.

GONE ASTRAY.

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, E.C.—The " small boy " saw the clock and giants, but on the church which the present one replaced in 1830-32, to which these were later added.
(The clock and giants are undamaged.) *Condition*—D.

ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.—He also found himself " on 'Change " and thought the shabby people sitting about were misers and had to do with the sea, observing that they all munched dry biscuits and thought it was to keep off sea-sickness. *Condition*—D.

GUILDHALL, E.C.—The " small boy " goes here " as a species of investment " and besides his wonderment at Gog and Magog (DEM.) and " Golden Hall," has an adventure over his " small German." *Condition*—B.D., W.S.

AUSTIN FRIARS CHURCH, E.C.—And here he wonders " how the Friars used to like it." (Presumably he was referring to the Church, and not the surrounding area covered since the days of the Friars by business houses.) *Condition*—DEM.

LIFE

SOMERSET HOUSE, W.C.—Dickens's father was a clerk here, together with Thomas Barrow, whose sister he married. *Condition*—D.

RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.—Young Charles walked across here on his way from Somers Town to the Blacking Warehouse, " with some cold hotch-potch in a small basin tied up in a handkerchief." *Condition*—D.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.C.—He continued down here when coming from Gower Street, whither the family next moved, on his way still to the Blacking Factory. *Condition*—B.D.

LANT STREET, E.C.—Here Charles lodged when finally the rest of the family moved into the Marshalsea Prison to be with his father. By comparison with recent experiences he thought this " Paradise " at the time. *Condition*—S.D.

THE TOWER, E.C.—Dickens said the tales of the wharves and Tower, which he invented for the little maid-of-all-work waiting with him for the opening of the Marshalsea gates, while his family were there, were so fantastic that he " hoped he believed them himself." *Condition*—D.

UNION STREET, S.E.—The street of " little low-browed old shops," past which young Charles walked on his way back to Lant Street each night, and which he found " unchanged " when he revisited them years after. *Condition*—D.

ROWLAND HILL'S CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.—Which young Charles passed on his way back to Lant Street each night. (Known as The Ring since 1910.)
Condition—DEM.

SHOP OF THE GOLDEN DOG, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.—Charles knew this shop by "the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot . . ."
(The Dog and Pot were acquired by the Cuming Museum, Walworth Road, before the war and are safe.) *Condition*—DEM.

ANGEL PLACE, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, E.C.—Which lead to Marshalsea Place. Dickens in later life, wrote that he could not "separate . . . (it) from the old recollections . . . This part of London I cannot bear."
Condition—North side DES.

WELLINGTON HOUSE ACADEMY, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.—"I went as day scholar to Mr. Jones's establishment, which was in Mornington Place, and had its schoolroom sliced away by the Birmingham Railway, when that change came about."
(The house was already awaiting demolition before the war.) *Condition*—S.D.

5 NEWELL STREET, LIMEHOUSE, E. (formerly 12 Church Row).—The home of Christopher Huffam, Charles's godfather.
(No. 2 Garford Street, Limehouse, Christopher Huffam's sail loft and place of business in which Charles must often have sat observing, disappeared during the war in the construction of flats which cover this and a large adjoining site.)
Condition—D.

1 RAYMOND BUILDINGS, GRAY'S INN, W.C.—Dickens was a clerk to a firm of solicitors, who moved here in 1827. *Condition*—DES., (lower) W.S.

WESTMINSTER HALL, S.W.—When "my first effusion" ("Mr. Minns and his Cousin"), "appeared in all the glory of print," Dickens "walked down to Westminster Hall and turned in for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride. . . ." *Condition*—D.

FITZROY STREET, W.C.—Where Dickens was living in 1830.
(If he lived at No. 13, as has been suggested, this has been DEM.)
Condition—B.D.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, S.W.—To which Dickens went in the spring before he died, accompanied by Mr. (later Sir Arthur) Helps, to show Queen Victoria "some large and striking photographs of the Battle Fields of the Civil War," as Forster tells us.
Condition—B.D.

HARPER ROAD, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E. (formerly Union Road and in Dickens's day, Horsemonger Lane).—Dickens witnessed, from the terrace opposite the Prison the last public hanging, in November, 1849 (that of the Mannings). (The Mannings' Tombstone, discovered in 1930, is safe in the Cuming Museum.)
(The Chiverys' shop was demolished before the war.) *Condition*—B.D.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, S.W.—Dickens knew both the old and the new, having entered the House as a Reporter in 1831, three years before the Fire, and left it in 1836. The new Houses were built in 1840-57. *Condition*—D.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD, N.—To which Dickens frequently went. Forster quotes a typical invitation: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to mufile yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? . . . . I knows a good 'ouse there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner, and a glass of good wine." *Condition*—DES. One fragment remains.

58 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.—Where John Forster lived and subsequently Mr. Tulkinghorn, while in the time of the former Dickens came over from Italy to read "The Chimes" to a charmed circle of their friends. *Condition*—S.D.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Dickens wrote so much about The Temple that even non-Dickensians associate it with his works, while he himself entered as a student of the Middle Temple in 1839. *Condition*—B.D. Much has been DEM.

2 ELM COURT, E.C.—Here Thomas Noon Talfourd had chambers in 1808-17, a time, however, when the young Charles could not have known anything about it!
Condition—DEM.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.—Dickens is buried here.
(His grave is undamaged.) *Condition*—D.

(A further article on aerial damage to Dickens sites throughout England is in course of preparation. Correspondence is invited.—*Editor.*)

A LITTLE BOOK ON LONDON

Yet another book on London* has recently made its appearance. It is a miniature volume of attractive thumb-nail sketches (reprinted from *What's On*) by O. D. Savage, Hon. Secretary of the Johnson Society of London, and well-known Dickensian. Designed to aid both native and visitor to comprehend at a glance the history and significance of selected sites in the capital by means of bright little essays, it is sure to find a welcome among the many London lovers who can spare but little time for lengthier works. The Dickensian is served by accounts of Doughty Street and Devonshire Terrace, but what Dickens lover is not interested in *all* London. He will find little here that will not detain him.

L. C. S.

* "London Spotlights for Sightseers," by O. D. Savage. Simpkin Marshall. 2s.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

CITIZENSHIP

" As his grip on the Poor Law Commission weakened, he (Edwin Chadwick) took up the cause of public health, with his accustomed vigour and pugnacity; and in fighting the vested interests, who opposed every attempt at improvement, he had strong support from lovers of humanity like Dickens and apostles of Christian Socialism like Charles Kingsley.

The machinery of government was further improved by new methods of selecting the members of the Civil Service, who carry on the day-to-day business of the Departments. Hitherto, they had been recruited by ' patronage '—i.e., on the recommendation of ministers, who found themselves obliged to gratify friends and supporters by procuring safe jobs for the latter's relatives and dependants. The result has been made for ever ridiculous by Dickens, in *Little Dorrit*.

' Masters in Chancery '(especially the Master of the Rolls) had to be appointed to help with the growing volume of work, but still the court fell into arrears and became the by-word for the ' law's delays,' depicted in *Bleak House*.

If the defendant has not sufficient goods to meet the claim, the plaintiff may not be able to enforce the judgement at all, and may be saddled with the law-costs for both sides. Formerly, a defaulting debtor (see *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit*) could be committed to prison until he paid, but the Debtors Act (1869) expressed the modern view that people cannot be imprisoned for debt unless their default is wilful."—" British Democracy," by R. M. Rayner. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

FRANK NORRIS

" During Norris' childhood it had been the custom of his mother to read aloud to her family night after night, from one or other of the novels of Dickens. With the exception of Scott, no other writer was more intimately familiar to him from those early years. His biographer sees in old Grannis and Miss Baker of ' McTeague ' ' eccentrics,' modelled on those of Dickens. Mrs. Wessels (' Aunt Wess ') and Grossman the Jew in ' The Pit ' and Hooven the comical German farmer in ' The Octopus,' are also clearly Dickensian figures."—" Frank Norris, a Study," by E. Marchand. (Stanford Univ. Press).

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DICKENS, DALI AND OTHERS: STUDIES IN POPULAR CULTURE,

By George Orwell, New York. (Reynal and Hitchcock.)
Reviewed by Robert Gorham Davis.

" In an admirably appreciative essay on Dickens, for instance, Orwell denies that Dickens was a radical reformer in a political sense. Dickens, he says, had no interest in economic processes, even on a practical level, and no interest in speculations about the future. Dickens was a moralist who thought good could come only from a change of heart. As such, Orwell prefers him to the ' heartless ' realists of social reconstruction."—New York Times Book Review, May 19th, 1946.

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AMERICAN LITERARY PIONEER

" Calvert's next work, ' Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by an American,' published anonymously in 1846, by Wiley and Putnam, was written in the form of letters, the first of which was dated Ambleside, July 29, 1840, the last April 5, 1843. Nathaniel Hawthorne reviewed the book in ' The Salem Advertiser,' noting the similarity in form between this work and Dickens's *Travelling Letters Written on the Road*, also published by Wiley and Putnam in 1846. His review is largely a comparison of the two books. Although Dickens's objective writing, delighting the reader with ' sunny fancy ' and ' genial heart,' was more akin to Hawthorne's own literary gifts, Calvert's ' Scenes and Thoughts ' do not suffer by being compared with the work of the English novelist."—" George Henry Calvert," by I. G. Everson. (Columbia Univ. Press.)

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

" Of the sketches, that on Dickens is perhaps the cleverest and the most penetrating. Maurois indicates the vivid contrast between the prosperity, pride, and egotism of high society in England during the nineteenth century and the abject poverty of the poorer classes. Dickens, who, in his early days, had known what real distress meant, during all his later life used the weapons of his literary genius and sympathetic humour to combat the haunting ghost of this monstrous evil. Yet he never succeeded altogether in ridding himself of the obsession of this misery. He spent practically all his time trying to escape the memories of his unhappy childhood and to dull his regret for the sentimental mistakes of his youth. All those talkative, grinning, and grimacing characters of his books are, so Maurois fancies, personifications of his efforts to avoid the tête-à-tête with his own soul."—" André Maurois," by Georges Lemaître. (Milford.)

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EDGAR ALLAN POE

" His analytical faculty was undoubtedly astonishing, and Dickens asked him in later years if he had had dealings with the devil when he outlined in advance the plot of *Barnaby Rudge*.

" Some of the tales were humourous, and these were, perhaps, the most sinister of all, for one seldom felt any warmth in the humour of Poe, although Dickens was one of his favourite writers and he was genial now and then, as, for instance, in his name for the mummy ' Allamistakee.'

" Was Poe a great critic then ? Scarcely, in spite of a few fine essays in the realm of literary theory or on single authors, Bryant, Mrs. Browning, Dickens, Hawthorne."—" The World of Washington Irving," by Van Wyck Brooks. (Dent.)

* * * * *

TCHAIKOVSKY

" He was enjoying *Pickwick Papers* (in Russian). He told Modest and Anatoly that Dickens had much in common with Gogol, but lacked the Russian's profundity.

" In a letter to Anatoly, in which he described *Little Dorrit* as a work of genius, he added ; ' In general, Dickens and Thackeray are the only people I forgive for being English. I should add Shakespeare, but he belongs to a time when this corrupt nation was not quite so vile.' . . . he was studying English, the language of a people he detested, solely in order to read Shakespeare Dickens and Thackeray in the original. Jürgenson later told Modest that Piotr Ilyich persisted at his study long enough to read *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield* in English.

" Piotr Ilyich was writing to Modest that he had just finished *Bleak House* and had cried a little out of pity for Lady Dedlock, reluctance to abandon characters with whom he had been living for two months, and gratitude to ' so great a writer as Dickens.' "—" Tchaikovsky," by H. Weinstock. (Cassell.)

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RUSSIA

" The one-man recitations came to have a theme and a unity beyond that of the solo performer . . . Zhuravlev did a ' Pushkin ' evening. Emmanuel Kaminka dug into American literature, and followed that up with an Evening of English Literature, in which Dickens shared the chief place with a writer reported as V. Jacobs, whom I take to be the late W. W. of the bar and the barge.

" The classics of British drama were staged more than once in many cases ' She stoops to Conquer,' ' The School for Scandal,' ' The Duenna,' Wilde, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and *Oliver Twist*.

" Peter Williams had been known as a painter both in the theatre and outside it for years. He graduated at the Moscow School of Art in 1924 . . . those who saw, in pre-war days, his sets for ' The Pickwick Club ' at the Moscow Art Theatre Filial, will not need to be reminded of his daring craftsmanship, high spirit, and subtle fancy ; for they are not likely to forget them. He exactly caught the spirit of Stanitsyn's Dickens. But how particularly theatrical they were only came out in performance. The subtlety of a fancy that placed a huge painting of a mirror across the back of Mr. Pickwick's lodging, and then produced at the bottom of it a reflection of the candlesticks on the real table in front of it ! The boldness that used a painted background

of clouds and birds lyrically flying behind the café scene, and then, in a brief blackout with Mr. Pickwick tumbled into the hogshead and the carriage horses impatiently pawing the ground, martial music suddenly changing to vile cacophony as the lights came up on a quite new back-drop . . .

A class of G.I.T.I.S. students tried out Dickens's little-known farce, *The Strange Gentleman.*

The Central Theatre for Children, Moscow, had a good selection of plays planned for 1945. Gogol, Dickens, Jules Verne, were seldom neglected."—" Actors cross the Volga," by Joseph Macleod. (Allen & Unwin).

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THE EARL OF DARNLEY

" . . . His Lordship (Lord Darnley of Cobham) was an uncompromising Low Churchman, and as austere in his moral censorship as in his personal habits. And yet it is recorded of him that he enjoyed the friendship of his neighbour, Charles Dickens, and had even built him a sort of glorified summer-house, far from all risk of disturbance, to use as a literary workshop. It still, I believe, stands.*

" The spirit informing Kentish cricket, no less of the county team than of the swipers in shirt-sleeves on almost virgin pasture, differed from that of the dour league competitions that I remember among Yorkshire villages during the ensuing decade, in much the same way as poetry differs from prose. It was a spirit captured for all time by Dickens, despite his glaring ignorance of the game, in his account of the match between Dignley Dell and All Muggleton, which I was brought up to equate with that between Cobham and Town Malling.

" And quite apart from Church, it seems to me now that we children had all the best of what there was going in the way of literature. We had Alice, and the Heroes, and the Water Babies, and immortal old men and old women of Lear, and (in my case at least) the *Christmas Carol* of Dickens."—" Before the Lamps went out," by Esme Wingfield-Stratford. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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* It stands still in the grounds of Cobham Hall, but it was presented to Dickens not by Lord Darnley, but by Chas. Fechter, the actor, and was given to Lord Darnley after Dickens's death in 1870 by the Dickens family.—EDITOR.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMPETITION

Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens has offered a prize of a personal memento of his grandfather for the best three quotations from the lesser known writings of Dickens. See page 190.

Competitors must observe the following rules (non-observance will mean disqualification) :

(a) Each quotation must consist of not more than 120 words.

(b) They must not be taken from the novels or from the five *Christmas Books*, but they may be from any of the journalistic writings, the letters, or the speeches.

(c) They must be typed (or clearly written) on paper that bears no indication of the competitor's identity.

(d) Each entry must give the full references to the sources of the quotations.

(e) The name and address must be included on a separate sheet of paper, as this information will not be disclosed to the judges.

(f) Entries must reach the Dickens House not later than December 31st, 1946. Overseas competitors are recommended to air-mail their entries.

There will be three judges and the final decision will rest with the Editor. No correspondence in the matter can be considered. The result will be announced in the March number of *The Dickensian* in order to enable overseas readers to compete.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Secretaries are invited to submit 200 word reports for this section.

NORTH-WEST REGIONAL GROUP

The first of the Regional Groups to recommence operations since the war is the North-West, the six Lancashire Branches of which met in Blackpool on May 25th. The Conference was given an official welcome by the Mayor, Councillor F. I. Nickson. An interested visitor was the Hon. Secretary from London, Mr. Leslie C. Staples, who took the opportunity, in addition to conveying London's greetings, of outlining plans for the Endowment Fund of the Dickens House. Mr. W. J. Piper was elected Chairman and Mr. H. E. Evans re-elected Hon. Secretary. Plans for the future conduct of the Group were discussed and much useful business was transacted. An informal supper followed at Messrs. Hill's Restaurant, concluding a very happy meeting.

BATH

Another highly successful Season came to its conclusion when the Annual Meeting was held at the Pump Room on May 13th. The Hon. Secretary read a highly gratifying report on the activities of the branch. The membership had shown an increase and excellent attendances had prevailed at the fortnightly meetings. In addition to the reading and study of *Little Dorrit*, several interesting ideas had been introduced. Mr. F. W. G. Thomas read an admirable paper on "Light and Shade in Dickens." Mr. F. Mills arranged and conducted a reading of *A Christmas Carol*, which was first read in public in the Dickens Room at the Pump Room, and afterwards repeated on three occasions before various Literary Societies in the City.

Our Life President, Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell, who for many years has been a power and an inspiration in Dickensian circles, has this year celebrated his Diamond Wedding and he and Mrs. Sturge Cotterell received the hearty congratulations of the members on this happy event. It is deeply regretted that the state of Mr. Sturge Cotterell's health has prevented him taking the same active interest in the affairs of the Branch during the Season as he has been accustomed to do in previous years, but it is the sincere hope of the members that next Season they may again have the benefit of his deep knowledge and leadership. On February 7th, the anniversary of Dickens's Birth, the Mayor of Bath, Ald. H. Chivers, on behalf of the Fellowship, placed a wreath on the Dickens Bust in the Corridor of the Pump Room.

F. C. D.

EDINBURGH

Our Session of 1945/46, which saw a resumption of the Monthly Meetings, proved most encouraging and Members were obviously pleased to feel that our Branch was once more actively functioning. For the opening address we were fortunate in getting Sir Herbert Grierson, formerly Professor of English Literature of our University, to speak to us, and following him we presented an interesting and varied programme. This included a Social Gathering, held in December 1944, which proved a great success, and which included several dramatic presentations of episodes from Charles Dickens's works, which were very ably and realistically staged. The Ladies' Work Party, which was formed at the beginning of the war, met once monthly and have sent 5,648 knitted articles, such as pullovers, sea boot stockings, gloves, mittens, socks, scarves, etc., to the various services. Although no Meetings were possible, thanks to the Ladies' Work Party the Branch was kept alive.

For the present Session we have reverted to evening, instead of afternoon, Meetings, and have been able to offer an interesting syllabus, which included a "Brains Trust" and a Whist Drive, both arranged for December. The opening address, which has already taken place, was given by Mrs. Bruce Dickens, which was an appreciation of Charles Dickens as a man and an author, and dealt severely with certain modern critics.

K. H. J.

MANCHESTER

1945/46 SESSION has been very successful for the Manchester Branch. Our membership has been increased by 58 new members and now totals 151.

The proceeds of our production of " The Golden Dustman's Riches," adapted from *Our Mutual Friend*, enabled us to send nearly £25 to Charity. We have made a determined effort to raise £200 during this Session, as the contribution of the Manchester Branch to the Dickens House Endowment Fund, and we are happy to say we have succeeded in reaching this target.

Our Northern Hospital Library Service is flourishing. For many years, members of the Manchester Branch have given their services and formed a rota to visit the Northern Hospital, Manchester, every week to supply the patients with books. This Hospital is serviced entirely by Dickensians, and Mr. Bedwell, the Secretary of the Hospital Libraries Association, warmly praised their work when in Manchester recently.

Our members have visited London, Blackburn, Blackpool, and Preston during this Session and have entertained visitors from London, Blackburn, Blackpool, Liverpool, and Preston. We have received letters and greetings from Toronto, Montreal, Marion (Ohio), New York, Seattle, and Philadelphia, and have sent letters and greetings to Toronto, Montreal, New York, Seattle, Philadelphia, Christchurch N.Z., Chicago, and the California Pickwick Club.

M.L.A.

ST. PANCRAS

AT the Annual General Meeting in April, the Hon. Secretary reported on the year :- Regular monthly meetings and study of the Book for the Year, *Little Dorrit*. A splendid gift of toys and dolls for the sick poor children of St. Pancras and gifts of money were used for boots, etc. A financial report was given by the Hon. Sec., in the absence of the Treasurer through serious illness. It was most gratifying, enabling the usual donations to be given to the Friends of Dickens House, Friends of Southwark Cathedral, and the Children's Hospital, Great Ormonde Street.

A most successful luncheon was held at Browns Hotel to celebrate the 134th birthday of Charles Dickens. In aid of the Endowment of Dickens House (Dexter Memorial Fund) an excellent concert was arranged by Mrs. Bacon and Miss Jolly and a sum of £22 raised. The Branch is deeply grateful to friends of the Philadelphia Branch for gifts to poor St. Pancras children, also to Vancouver Branch for 21 bales of clothing and boots, which have been distributed by the Hon. Secretary to necessitous people. The Branch, now in its twenty-sixth year, is proud to report that during the long, weary war years it did not once cease its activities, but increased its membership.

A.N.

THE thanks of members are due to the retiring Hon. Secretaries of Philadelphia, Chester, P.A. and Tewkesbury, Mrs. S. Woods, Miss Florence Williams and Mr. G. Robinson. Congratulations and all good wishes are tendered to their successors, Mr. Joseph A. Curzon, Mrs. Roy B. Andrews and Mr. Walter Lawson, respectively.

OBITUARY

MR. E. KENDALL PEARSON.

BY the passing of Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, last May, the Gloucester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has suffered an irreparable loss. He was a Founder Member and during the long period of years since that day in 1906, he was many times President. He was a great student of Dickens and his knowledge of the works of the Novelist was profound. He was always ready to give his opinion and help where required. A friend of many years standing, an hour in his company discussing the novel which was being studied, was always a delightful and helpful experience. We, as a Branch owe him our most grateful thanks for all he has done for us and the Dickens Fellowship in the West Country for so many years, and are saddened at the loss of so great a Dickensian. He leaves a son and daughter to mourn his loss.

E.A.D.

We also regret to record the passing of :

Mr. F. H. Bretherton	*Gloucester.*
Mrs. E. E. Duthoit	*Littlebourne.*
Capt. M. C. Robson	*Broadstairs.*
Mr. M. A. Tyler	*Gloucester.*

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The Trollopian

Edited by BRADFORD A. BOOTH

Number Three . September, 1946

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MR. HENRY CHARLES DICKENS, O.B.E.

SYLLABUS, 1946-47

1946.
OCTOBER.
Thursday, 10th. Centenary of *The Daily News*. Lecture, "Dickens and Journalism," by **Mr. R. J. Cruikshank**, Director of *The Daily News Ltd.*
Chairman : **Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.**

Sunday, 20th. Special Visit to Dickens's former residence at No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone Road, N.W.1, by kind permission of **The Misses Dingley.**
Meet outside at 3.30 p.m.

NOVEMBER.
Saturday, 23rd. Ramble, "Some Inns of Court and Chancery," to be conducted by **Mr. W. H. Lowry.**
Meet Holborn Tube Station at 2.30 p.m.

Friday, 29th. Lecture, "Dickens's Unfinished Novel," by **Mr. T. S. Lascelles.**
Chairman : **Mr. Felix Aylmer.**

DECEMBER.
Saturday, 7th. **At 2.30 p.m.**, Lecture : "Ten Wonderful Years," by **Mr. T. W. Hill.**
Chairman : **Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley.**

Monday, 16th. Dramatic performance of *A Christmas Carol* in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, in aid of the Endowment Fund of The Dickens House. Produced by **Mrs. J. Bacon** and **Miss F. Jolly.**
Tickets numbered and reserved, 7/6, 5/- and 3/6.

1947.
JANUARY.
Saturday, 18th. Ramble, "Soho," to be conducted by **Mr. George F. Young**
Meet at "The Horseshoe," Tottenham Court Road at 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 29th. Lecture, "The Film Production of *Nicholas Nickleby*," by **Mr. John Croydon,** Associate Producer, Ealing Studios, Ltd.
Chairman : **Mr. Leslie C. Staples.**

FEBRUARY.
Friday, 7th. Birthday Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. Guest of the evening will be **The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Leverhulme.**
Chairman : The President, **Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.**
Tickets, strictly limited, 15/- each. Evening Dress.

Tuesday, 11th. Lecture-Recital : "Dickens—Humourist and Humanist," by **The Rev. Geo. A. Parkinson.**
Silver Collection in aid of the National Children's Home and Orphanage.

MARCH.
Wednesday, 12th. Lantern Lecture : "Some Rambles in Dickens-land" by **Mr. Percy Home,** Art Editor of *The Sphere.*
Chairman : **Capt. Richard C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C.**

Saturday, 22nd. Ramble, "Round About St. Pancras," to be conducted by **Mr. Percy Merriman.** *Meet* Mornington Crescent Tube Station at 2.30 p.m.

APRIL.
Monday, 21st. Annual General Meeting to be followed by "A Dickens Omnibus" to be arranged by **Mr. J. Greaves.** *Chairman* : **Mr. George F. Young.**

MAY.
Saturday, 17th. Ramble, "Old Highgate," to be conducted by **Mr. Percy Merriman.**
Meet Archway Tube Station at 2.30 p.m.

JUNE.
Sunday, 8th. Service to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Dickens. St. Dunstan's in the West, Fleet Street, E.C.4, at 11.a.m. Sermon will be preached by the Rector, **Rev. Dr. A. J. Macdonald.**

Monday, 9th. A wreath will be placed upon the grave of Dickens by kind permission of the Dean of Westminster. Time to be announced.

Wednesday, 18th. Motor Coach Trip to Cooling and Rochester. Full details will be announced later.

JULY.
Saturday, 12th. Ramble : "Some City Churches," to be conducted by **Mrs. Gwen Major.**

SEPTEMBER.
Saturday, 13th. Ramble, "The Old Bailey and Round About," to be conducted by **Mrs. Jane Bacon.** *Meet* outside the Old Bailey at 2.30 p.m.

Note.—Unless otherwise stated, meetings will be held in The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, at 7.30 p.m. Doors open 7 p.m. Final details of all meetings will appear each quarter in *The Dickensian.*

Admission to lectures and rambles will be by membership card only. Friends of members may be introduced at a cost of 2/6 each.

THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1.

PERCY MERRIMAN,
Hon. Secretary.
September, 1946.

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